APPENDIX

TO THE

SIXTH VOLUME

OF

THE THIRD SERIES

OF THE

CRITICAL REVIEW.

Vol. VI. *No. V.*

ART. I.—*Nouveaux Contes moraux, &c.*

New Moral Tales, by Madame De Genlis. 3 *vols. small* 8vo. Paris. 1805. Imported by De Boffe.

TO blend instruction with amusement, is always to do good; and, the more people read for amusement only, the more useful is the mixture. Among these 'blandi doctores' the name of Genlis stands pretty high. Pedantry and sophistry may look upon the Tales of a Castle, or Adelaide and Theodore, with a disdainful smile. But true philosophy, taking a *bird's-eye* view of science, will discern in a little well-written book for the use of children, or for the use of mothers and governesses in the care of children, a more real, because more extensive, piece of service to mankind, than in cart-loads of scholastic metaphysics, of verbal controversy, or even (to cut up our own vineyard) of criticism.

Having paid a compliment, which we really think due to the past exertions of Mad. De Genlis, we proceed to give our readers an account of the present set of Tales, which, though by the same hand, are not of that class which is addressed immediately to children. The contents of these three volumes have hitherto been confined to the 'Bibliothèque des Romans,' and are now printed separately as a continuation of the three volumes of Moral Tales formerly published by the same author. As is the case with most last collections, there are several articles which could have been very well dispensed with. In some of the tales, the characters and incidents are perfectly unnatural, and consequently uninteresting; others are very dull and insipid; in many, the moral effect is extremely problematical, for

causes which we shall soon explain. The good which was in some intended to be produced, is not sufficiently baited with amusement to take effect; and even in the best (if we may be indulged in our metaphor) the hook is rather too plainly in view, the circumstances invented being too evidently subservient to the ὁ μυθος δηλοῖ, the moral.

It may here be worth the while to stop and consider what constitutes the morality of a tale. Is that a *moral* tale, which is professedly written with a moral end in view? An author may profess and not perform. Is that a moral tale, from which an ingenious critic educes a moral inference? Neither is this sufficient, because the maxims inferred vary in some measure with the disposition of the reader. Bossu may tell us that the proper moral of the Iliad is the mischief resulting from disunion in government; but if the story is detailed in such a manner, that the predominant feeling of the reader is admiration of 'the wrath of Peleus' son,' the source of the very mischief deprecated, what becomes of the moral effect proposed by the poet, or imagined for him by the critic? Nothing then remains but that we estimate the morality of a performance by its real criterion, the effect left upon the minds of the generality of readers when they lay down the book. It is in this light that we consider the moral effect of several of the present Tales as doubtful, notwithstanding their having been written with the very best intentions. The very contemplation of some vices, as, for instance, conjugal infidelity, is dangerous to the uncontaminated mind, however it may be hedged and fenced about by the infliction of poetical justice. In a word, the impressions upon the imagination are apt to be more lasting than those upon the understanding. We are far from meaning by these remarks to insinuate that the perusal of the present volumes will be upon the whole prejudicial. But in parts we are dubious as to the moral effect, which will be actually produced on the minds of younger readers. Instead of specifying these parts, which would involve us in tedious details and quotations, we leave them to the judgment of the reader.

The intention with which the greater part of these volumes seems to have been written, is to counteract the pernicious influence of what is called the new French school of philosophy, the 'insaniens sapientia' of the encyclopedists. Of their moral tendency in this respect, there can be no doubt. Every different poison, it is said, has its peculiar antidote; and perhaps the proposition holds equally good in a moral as in a physical sense. Every different infusion of

paradoxical ingredients, made up by the quacks and mountebanks in philosophy, demands from the advocates of good order and good sense, a counteracting cordial. But here a difficulty occurs. How far is ridicule to be admitted? and, if admitted, what is its *quantum satis* in such disputes? Ridicule is not (as some have contended) a test of truth; but it is the proper, and perhaps the only proper answer to absurdity. We know but one exception: In religious matters, even absurdity itself should meet with some respect, from a reverence to those sacred truths which it garbles. It being granted, then, that where paradoxes clearly and incontrovertibly absurd, are obtruded upon the world, however tricked in the garb of wisdom, the best answer to them is to expose them to ridicule, the next consideration is, what will be the best method of doing it? It appears to be this; to shew what would be the probable consequences of such principles, were they ever to become the leading rules of conduct in common life. If ever false philosophy merited this treatment, surely it is that mass of absurdity which has been spawned by the new school. Would any one see the self-sufficiency of the stoic, the voluptuousness of the epicurean, the wavering of the academic, concentrated, let him look to the pages of Voltaire, Helvetius, Rousseau, Diderot, D'Alembert, Condorcet, &c. There he will find suicide dignified with the title of a sublime action, divorces on the slightest pretences defended, the unrestrained indulgence of passion commended as a conformity with the laws of our being, the savage state called a state of nature and of happiness, and all the energies of virtue sunk into the vague impulses of natural temperament. To counteract such poison directed against the very vitals of society, Madame De Genlis has prepared a very proper antidote, and, to make the good as extensive as the mischief, she presents it in the vehicle of short Tales and Novels. The 'Philosophical Woman,' (altered* and abridged from the English tale of Edmund Oliver, by Mr. C. Lloyd) and the 'Philosophical Artisans,' are extremely well written stories in this way. The most extravagant *tirade* is extracted from the works of the French sophists, and put into the mouths of their disciples, who are here represented as acting on the principles of their teachers. In the latter of the above tales,

* Not having read the English original, we cannot decide how far the alterations are of the nature of improvements. We dare to say, however, that the resolution of Fanny Miller, a native of Glasgow, to shut herself up in a convent, is not of British manufacture.

the characters of these *rêveurs* is well contrasted with one of the old school, a good motherly sort of woman, of unassuming unsophisticated good sense, directed by those obsolete and Gothic rules of decency and humanity which nature has written in the heart of man, aided by a few plain maxims from an old fashioned book called the Bible, which she quotes with wonderful volubility. Marguerite, in the Philosophical Artisans, is a character of nearly the same mould with worthy Mrs. Miller, in Tom Jones, with a little more simplicity and the additional talent of scriptural quotation.

'Le Mari Corrupteur,' is not a tale which we admire throughout. The following, however, is no bad specimen of the consequences which would follow from the adoption of Rousseau's ridiculous plan of leaving a child wholly ignorant of all systematical notions of religion, in order to avoid biassing his choice when he is grown up:

'The marquis had a natural son, now eighteen years of age, whom he had taken great care to have educated on a philosophical plan. His name was Belmont. Some years after the birth of this child, the marquis declared his determination that nobody should give him the slightest notion of religion; but that, when he should have reached the age of fifteen or sixteen, it should be proposed to him to chuse a religion according to his own taste. All this was punctually observed; this system was at that time extremely fashionable: the *esprits-forts* judged it perfectly agreeable to reason. When the young Belmont was sixteen years old, his father told him very gravely, one day, that his reasoning powers were now mature, that he was arrived at an age when he could think for himself upon the different sects of Christianity, and that he was left entirely to his own choice whether he would be a Catholic, a Lutheran, a Calvinist, a Quaker, &c. Belmont, concluding naturally from this indifference of his father, that he was inclined to no religion at all, asked him with the utmost simplicity, why he had excluded the Jewish and Mahometan religions from his choice. The marquis paid no attention to this question, and avoided returning an answer. Some days after Belmont made some inquiries respecting the number of volumes which it would be requisite for him to read, in order to direct his choice; he soon learned that his whole life, even supposing it a long one, would be scarcely sufficient to complete this study.—Some vague information which he had happened to receive concerning the paradise of Mahomet, gave him a particular inclination for that religion; but as he was unacquainted with the Arabic, he was obliged to give over all thoughts of studying the Koran and the Sunna. Meanwhile, he had been sent into the army. He set off for his garrison, taking with him some philosophical books, of which his father had made him a present. But he was fond of reading; he possessed some share of curiosity; he wished to peruse the *complete works* of the philosophers he admired, and he became in the end one of their most zealous disciples.'—Vol. II. p. 176-7.

To those who entertain a high idea of the rights of the fair sex, and regret that the days of chivalry are past, when a mistress would send her lover half over the world in quest of adventures, before she would deign him the liberty of saluting her hand, the tale of Lindane and Valmire will be highly amusing. As there is some humour in the unexpected *denouement*, we will translate it, having first premised what is necessary.

Lindane, a lady of rank and beauty, and possessed of some vanity, is adored by Valmire. The conversation turning on the custom prevalent in the days of chivalry for lovers to wander up and down maintaining the peerless beauty of their mistresses, she challenges him to travel over Europe for three whole years, without writing to her directly or indirectly, promising to be his at the expiration of this period. The romantic swain accepts the conditions, and sets out immediately. During his absence another lover steps in, wins the perfidious fair one's affections, and obtains her hand. The stated period of probation being elapsed, the other lover returns from his travels, flies to Lindane, who trembles with shame and apprehension of his reproaches, and prostrates himself at her feet.

'O Valmire, said Lindane, shedding tears abundantly, my dear Valmire, rise.—No, no! replied Valmire, it is at your feet that I ought to be; it is there I am bound to die!—Tender and generous Valmire, hear me!—Ah! let me breathe one moment. I wish to speak to you. O thou model of thy sex! O Lindane!—Oh, no! Valmire, I am not raised above the faults of my sex; but you! Oh! what heroism of sentiment and constancy!—Stop, Lindane, in the name of heaven, condescend to spare me!—Valmire!—Lindane!—I cannot sustain your looks! And I! What must I acquaint you with?—How? what is it I begin to learn?—Joy sparkles in your eyes: Ah! unhappy Valmire, you do not yet comprehend me! At these words, the tears of Valmire began to dry up.—What, Lindane, interrupted he, with sudden gladness in his countenance, can it be possible! Did you say I was unhappy?—Alas! time and absence—Proceed—My heart is changed: it is in the possession of another!—Ungrateful woman! cried Valmire, rising, after all I have done for your sake!—Kill me with reproaches, replied Lindane, weeping; I deserve it.—Ungrateful creature! repeated Valmire, with a softer tone, and here I came full of emotion, of perturbation, and of remorse!—Good God! remorse! rejoined Lindane, with an expression of the most agreeable surprise; do you then cease to love me?—How can I forbear to regret you, now that I see you again?—Are you then inconstant?—I have been married two years.—Perfidious! At this exclamation of Lindane, Valmire smiled, and Lindane herself burst out a laughing. They embraced each other

tenderly, mutually promising, as a reparation, a sentiment less liable to deception—they swore to each other an eternal friendship.' Vol. II. p. 64.

The first tale of the last volume is borrowed in part from an English novel, entitled 'the Victim of a Vow, or the Danger of Duplicity.' Here we are introduced to scenes of real chivalry, that never-failing recipe for romances ever since the tale of 'Cambuscan Bold.' Mad. De Genlis' style of writing, however, though well suited to scenes of tenderness, and sometimes capable even of the humourous, is not adapted to the description of tilts and tournaments. We seem to see a Cupid tottering under the helmet of Mars.

Two little dramatic pieces close the work. The first is intended as an after-piece to Rousseau's Pygmalion, 'sequiturque patrem non passibus æquis.' The interest of the piece (if interest it may be called that interest hath none) turns upon the odd inquiries and mistakes of Galatea, the newly animated statue; unfortunately Galatea apprehends objects in a very unphilosophical manner, and instead of tracing the species from the classification of individuals, she is perpetually asking of what species or *sort* of beings this or that is. In truth we wish Galatea, like another Niobe, could have once more forgotten herself to stone. The whole is a most silly performance, and which even a French audience could tolerate only from respect to its author. We toiled through five or six scenes, with many a longing look at the last page: but patience (as Tabitha Bramble says) is like a Welch poney; it will carry a great deal, and trot a long way, but it will tire at last. We could not get through it. The latter of these dramatic trifles is better. Some scenes contain a considerable portion of *fun*: but taken in general it is very moderate; and we know Horace's opinion relative to *indifferent* poets:

Mediocribus esse poëtis
Non Dii non homines, non concessere columnæ,

Which by the way we will attempt to modernize:

Th' indifferent poet is an evil
Not gods nor men can bear, nor—printer's devil.

Upon the whole, these volumes, with much that is trifling contain much that is valuable. Those who possess the three first volumes of the 'Contes moraux,' will do well to complete their sets. As for the Belmonts of the age, we recommend them to read those tales more especially in which the

positions of the French philosophy are ridiculed, and if after the perusal they are not converts to good sense, to take a trip to Anticyra.

ART. II.—*Galerie politique, &c.*

The Political Gallery; or a Historical, Philosophical, and Critical Portrait of the principal Characters of the present Day. By M. A. Gallet. 2 *vols.* 8*vo.* Paris, 1805. Imported by Deconchy.

THE chief characters, which have figured in Europe, during the latter part of the last century, here pass in review before us; their talents and dispositions are marked: and the influence they have had on their respective states, is painted in strong colours. The author is a Frenchman; of course his pretensions to impartiality are questionable; whenever the glory of the great nation is concerned, it is not to be expected from him, that he should see any obstacles in the claims of other nations, and he pays assuredly the highest compliments to the English, in making us the marked objects of his indignation. Where, however, neither France nor England are immediately concerned, the observations on general policy, as well as the conduct of particular characters, are drawn up in a manner both to please and to instruct, and the writer has evidently had the advantage of seeing a great number, and conversing with some, of those personages who form his Political Gallery.

The great object of the work is to shew, that the ancient balance of Europe is destroyed, and that circumstances render a new one necessary, in which the power of France must be essentially the greatest in the south of Europe, to counterbalance the three powers in the north. Of course Spain, Portugal, Italy, and Holland, must remain as they are, either in subjection to or under its influence. England must be reduced to a power of the second order, and the maritime powers of the Baltic are to be the great instruments in producing this change. The necessity of this balance is supposed to be clearly seen from the consequences of the revolution in France on the affairs of Europe.

In consequence of that revolution, England and Russia have acquired considerable influence in the Mediterranean. Italy is entirely changed, since France and Spain have now the ascendancy over it. Austria, once without expectation of

any maritime force on the side of Italy, has now formed a naval establishment at Venice. Prussia, in its turn, from its acquisitions in Poland, is become a maritime power, and since the union of Belgium with France, is a near neighbour to the latter country. Germany is another country since the secularization of many of its states, and the possession of the left bank of the Rhine by France, which places a number of German princes under its immediate protection. As long as Hanover remains in the hands of the French, their connections with Denmark increase, and cease to be merely on maritime subjects. Holland and Naples have lost their independence, and Portugal is under the guidance of France, since it is dependent on Spain, which is itself under French influence. The political destiny of Sweden is altered, since the increase of the Russian power in the north, with which it is now compelled to unite in spite of its former animosities. Turkey, since the Russians possessed Corfu, and the English Malta, is become insulated from France, and attached to those two nations. Malta and Sicily, for so long a time left to themselves, are become the objects of various pretensions The Mediterranean is now the theatre of ambition, and Greece and Egypt are become to the rival powers, what Mexico and the West Indies were formerly to their ancestors.

What is then to be the result of this great change in the situation of Europe, which makes the peace of Amiens or Luneville an epoch of as great importance as the treaty of Westphalia? England, according to our author, is likely to be a sufferer. In the midst of its external prosperity, it has seen the decline of its influence in Europe in the loss of Hanover, and it may be now said to be really insulated from the continent. It is exposed also to the chance of being reduced to live on the produce of its own soil, if a league should be formed either between Russia and France, or between Prussia and the maritime powers of the second order, and France. The Indies would then weaken England in the same manner as the Spaniards have been injured by their possessions in America. The loss of Hanover does not appear to us by any means an injury to our own country, but the remark on the tendency of the East Indies to bring on our destruction, does not less merit our attention, because it comes from an enemy. Turkey is in a worse situation, for it may be considered to be under the Russian yoke, and retains the provinces bordering on that immense empire only by sufferance; and Sweden is said to be rather a tributary than an ally of Russia. Prussia is to expect con-

tinual attacks from Russia, since the dismemberment of Poland has destroyed the barrier between them; and in this conjecture there is but too great reason to expect the author's prognostications to be verified. What will become of Naples, since the English are in possession of Malta, and the Russians of Corfu? We answer, that more danger is to be apprehended from France than from any other quarter.

But the balance of Europe may be preserved, that is to say, the new balance, in which the great weight of France, with its dependencies, is to occupy the scale on one side, whilst the northern powers and Austria are to be on the other. This balance also will be preserved, unless the heads of empires and kingdoms should be forgetful of their own interests, and should be ambitious to enter into new wars. Here the author seems to have had a presentiment of the conflict to be sustained against Russia and Austria, and he prophesies, that, if sovereigns should thus forget their own interests, the ruin of monarchies will be the consequence. New commotions will then arise, and Europe will undergo another revolution; thus this ill-fated part of the earth seems little likely to enjoy any permanent stability; and whether France is permitted to aggrandize itself, or the allied powers should trench upon its domination, the new formed balance will not long retain a settled position.

We have observed, that England is the marked object of our author's indignation: we cannot wonder then that no opportunity is lost of placing this country in an odious point of view, and we could wish that no foundation had been laid by us in the conduct of our embassies. This is of more serious consequence than is generally imagined in this country; and circumstances have occurred, which give the French an opportunity of vilifying our ministers in foreign courts.

> Pudet hæc opprobria dici,
> Et dici potuisse, & non potuisse refelli.

We will not repeat the charges of the author against our ambassadors. The system of these reciprocal missions, he observes, was at first very advantageous to Europe; the preservation of peace was the principle of their establishment;

'Latterly they have become destructive; they have contributed to perpetuate the evils of war, and to drain the treasures of nations. By them, parties have been pensioned, but through the ignorance and folly of the greater part of ambassadors, these parties were

of no avail in favour of the power which doled out to them its wealth. To distinguish whether a party can be useful, and to mark out the men calculated to form one, to be sure of their fidelity and their exertions, the knowledge of men and of nations is requisite, and this knowledge has seldom fallen to the lot of persons employed on diplomatic subjects.'

The treaty of Amiens naturally produces a tirade against us, for our supposed perfidy in retaining the possession of Malta; but in the article of policy we were surprised to find a sentiment which implied a spark of remaining charity in favour of this country: 'If England should to-morrow,' says our author, 'lose its influence over the seas, and should be confined within its own limits, whether by its own inclination or by the force of circumstances, in either case England ought no longer to be regarded as the enemy of nations; and if it was weakened to such a situation as to be no longer formidable, it has a right to the support of France. The latter should unite with England, to defend it against any domineering power, and should thus maintain the great interest on which rests the equilibrium of general force, harmony, and the fortune of states.' We trust, that we shall never see the day, when our country stands in need of such support; in case it were necessary, our author would, we doubt not, find sufficient arguments to justify any treatment the ruler of his nation might think proper, to keep his opponents in the necessary degree of humiliation.

A remark on the general character of the continent deserves more attention. 'I must add,' says the author, 'that within these fifteen years, a change has been operated on the minds of Europeans, which requires a change in diplomatic sentiments. The French revolution has exposed the chief motives of cabinets, and enlightened the people on their peculiar interests, whence to a certain point the mysterious and equivocal conduct of the former must be abandoned. Loyalty (that is, sincerity,) seems to have become a new and necessary law of policy; ministers are regularly observed, and their schemes frequently developed; their actions form the subject of general conversation, in which a comparison is made of their merits. The movements of ambassadors and ministers will henceforward be more difficult, and great talents will every day be more necessary in these employments. It may in fact be prophesied, that those powers whose projects rest on ambition, will find in the execution of them, difficulties from the spirit of the times, which did not exist twenty years ago.

This cannot be too deeply impressed upon them, and it is to be hoped, that the conviction of this truth, may introduce more wisdom, and a greater love of peace into their councils.'

To shew our author's talents in describing a character, it would be unfair to take that of the glory of the English nation: his prejudices rendered him incapable of appreciating the merits of Nelson, and he knew not how to do justice to an enemy. Nelson is represented to be totally deficient in military talent, and this reproach comes to us at the moment when the French navy has suffered the severest blow from the activity of his mind, and every sailor of the British navy is wrapt in admiration at the boldness of his naval conceptions, and the promptitude with which they were executed. We are at this moment deploring the loss of our departed hero, a man tried to the utmost, and carrying the palm from every competitor for naval glory. The victory of the Nile is a blow on the French pretensions not easily to be parried, yet after much abuse the writer is not ashamed to speak of the conqueror in these absurd terms:

'I come to the event on which rests the pretended glory of this officer, and whose influence would have been but slight, if the fleet which he fought had not carried Bonaparte. Nelson, who has been represented as a conqueror in this action, was really,' (can you believe it reader!)' was really defeated. What was his object? to prevent the disembarkation in Egypt, not to make an attack at sea without real effect. The carrying off of some vessels, and the destruction of some others, was not a real fruit of victory, after the principal operation of the French army was effected. The advantages of the landing in Egypt more than compensated for the loss of the fleet, and more hurtful results would have followed from it to the English power, if future events had permitted France to keep possession of that country.'

He continues to observe, that there was no great merit in the fight, since the French ships were encumbered with soldiers, not recollecting that in the preceding paragraph he had depreciated the victory, because the troops had been landed. And yet such trifling will go down in France, and give room for exultation.

'Nelson is the naval Achilles of England. May our sailors (the French,) cast an eye only over his actions, consider them in themselves, recollect what they (the French sailors) have been, and sail against him without any apprehension for their fame.'

The author is best answered by the action off Trafalgar;

and the hero dying in the arms of victory, has given the best comment on the following sentences:

'This admiral has proved by his astonishing reputation, how blind the people often are with respect to their principal warriors, on what slender props their enthusiasm is supported, and how easily Europe permits itself to be abused.'

The respect due to our sovereign does not permit us to transcribe the malicious effusions of this author on such a subject, and his good sense forbad him to insert any thing respecting his own imperial master, being fully aware that no flattery would be too gross, and at the same time fearful lest some unforeseen event might render it ridiculous. Besides, the new sovereign might disdain the homage of such a writer, and look on his compliments as an insult.

The character of General Mack, drawn up before the disaster that has befallen him, sets him forth in true colours. This unfortunate man had been raised into reputation, before any opportunity had been given to him to prove his deserts, and, as it is properly observed, under the idea that he was a good colonel; the talent of a colonel is very different from that of a general, who is to direct the operations of an army of two hundred thousand men. In the business of a general, theory is imperfect, practice is absolutely necessary, and energy of character, together with high moral qualities, are as requisite as science. The writer did not foresee that this officer would be again called into action, and completely verify every thing that had been said against him. It was supposed that the general had been consigned to oblivion, and that his example might be held up to those who aspire to glory without the means of fixing it. Such men may glitter for a moment by deceit, but the blaze that surrounds them soon expires, and there remains only the disgrace of having been so illustrious. Contempt is the revenge taken by their contemporaries, for having been duped into an opinion of their renown.

The characters of Potemkin and Catharine, indicate that the writer is well acquainted with the intrigues of the Russian cabinet: Pope Pius the Sixth, and the present King of Sardinia are painted to the life, and with a degree of sensibility for their misfortunes, which we did not expect. The portraits in general may be said to be good likenesses, but all in the French style, and this style we are sorry to say, is that which is most in vogue upon the continent. London and Paris divide the attention of the world in two

very different ways. If London is the metropolis of widely extended dominions, and may be said to preside over commerce, Paris is the metropolis of Europe, and is the mistress of fashion; and fashion extends its rule to the thoughts, as well as to the dresses of its subjects. The French language is spoken every where, its books are circulated in every corner. This book will be read, and was intended to be read, in every court, and the dictates of the Frenchman will be received with implicit confidence by most of his readers. The French know how to use this prerogative, and against their arts the English are by no means sufficiently on their guard. But this work is one only of many in which the same design is carried on, and the attempt to undermine the moral character of the English is pursued without intermission.

ART. III.—*Betrachtungen über den national Reichthum des Preussischen Staats, und über den Wohlstand seiner bewohner, von Leopold Krug Königl. P. geheimen Registr.*

Reflections on the national Riches of the Prussian States, and the Welfare of their Inhabitants. 2 *vols.* Berlin. 1805.

THE fondness of the Germans for statistics is well known, and the utility of writings upon these subjects in despotical governments, cannot be doubted. Where so much depends upon a sovereign, he cannot be too often nor too strongly informed, how much misery exists under his government, and what are the means of removing it; or if by prudent councils the inhabitants have been raised in any degree from their previous wretched state, it is right that the sovereign should be induced, by the satisfaction he must feel on this account, to continue in so a good a career. The author of this work enjoys every opportunity for his researches, and his previous publications prove him to be master of his subject. The registers of every kind were open to him, and all employed in the different departments of government, that could be of use to him, were willing to render him effectual service. On this account the work is interesting, though great reliance cannot be placed on many of its calculations.

The yearly produce of the States, for there are several under the dominion of Prussia, is first considered; and to find this, inquiry is made into the state of the lands

under cultivation, the meadows, woods, gardens, mines, fisheries, manufactures, and trade. Having found the produce and profits of these things, the manner in which these profits are divided among the various members of the state, is considered, what goes to the revenues of the king and his officers, what to the landholder, what to the industrious inhabitant. Hence the welfare of each rank is determined; and from the whole, some particular objects are pointed out, which have the greatest influence on the happiness of the Prussian dominions. To form a judgment on such a work, the accuracy of the sources on which the data are founded, must be examined, the mode of connecting facts with statistical calculations must be determined, and these points being previously settled, the conclusions built upon them must carry conviction.

With regard to the sources of information, there cannot be a doubt that the author had access to the best which the subject admitted, as to national papers and documents. Yet how little way these will carry us, every one knows who recollects the carelessness with which many are kept, and how little they are examined by the superior officers. The author is himself aware of this remark, yet he too often places a greater reliance on his tables than they deserve; and we should have been more obliged to him, if from his acquaintance with the manner of keeping the national documents in Prussia, he had examined more accurately the degree of credibility to which they were respectively entitled. The registers of births and deaths are of great importance in determining the population of the kingdom, but if they are now well kept in Prussia, very little dependence can be placed on those of a remote date. Besides, as the births and deaths of soldiers' children are registered by the chaplain of the regiment, and many of them die in the country, where they are registered by the parish priest, their number is doubled in the general account. The carelessness of the priest will often make a considerable difference, as when the marriages are inserted among the births, which sometimes happens. On the tables of population also no great dependence can be placed, as on the one part the masters of houses are not very fond of the inquiry, and the inquirer will not give himself much trouble to verify the answers. The numbers on this account are generally given with much less accuracy in towns than in the country.

For the produce of the land, tables of expenditure and receipts, and lists of cattle are used, but on both too great a stress is laid. The carelessness of village officers is not

the only thing here to be taken into consideration; there is an interest in the countryman to increase his expenditure, and diminish his receipts, that he may escape the heavy hand of government in taxation; and the monthly changes in the lists of cattle increase this error. For trade the custom-house and the excise-office books are the chief directions; how erroneous both these are, it is needless to mention; and as to the profits of manufactures, it must depend so much on conjecture, and so little on information, that little reliance can be placed on our author's results. Indeed where are the hat-makers, woolcombers, millers, starch-makers, who will give an exact account of the raw material they have received, the sums paid to their workmen, and the profit derived from the undertaking?

The tables will scarcely give us the information requisite, and on the welfare of the inhabitants we are as much at a loss. Indeed the best mode of ascertaining this point, seems to depend more on population and taxation, than on any other circumstance. When the number of persons incapable of paying taxes, which in many districts of the Prussian dominions is very considerable, is compared with the whole population, and also the quantity of taxes paid by each order, is compared with the population in that order, we may easily judge of the division of property in the country, and on that division we can found our calculations on the welfare of the inhabitants. This will give us the comparative state of the inhabitants of a country with each other, but no comparison between one country and another. We find in this part of the work, however, a foundation for our estimate of some classes. The catholic clergy are well paid, having some of them incomes of ten, fifteen, twenty, thirty, and as high as a hundred thousand dollars a year, and even the lower clergy and the protestant ministers are well paid. The schoolmasters are in a bad situation; the highest salary is only two hundred and fifty rixdollars a year, and a hundred and eighty-four receive only from ten to fifteen rixdollars.

The inquiry into the national domains is pursued with great care and diligence; and what may most surprise us is, that a despotical government should allow such freedom of discussion on these points, which in all other states are preserved with such care from public inspection. This liberal mode of thinking does the highest credit to the government, by which we cannot doubt, that the welfare both of the sovereign and his people will be greatly increased. The materials of this work will afford room for much im-

provement; the statistics of Prussia will in a future time be well ascertained, and thence much light will be thrown on a science which is still in its infancy. Those also, who live in countries which boast of enjoying liberty in the highest perfection, will perceive, that the want of it in other states is not so severely felt as they imagine, and in fact, that the press may be kept in a much greater subjection in a free country, than it is in one which is universally allowed to be despotical.

ART. IV.—*Noveau Voyage en Espagne.*

New Travels in Spain. 8vo. *pp.* 336. Paris. 1805. Imported by Deconchy.

THIS book, although entitled, 'Travels in Spain,' professes to describe only a very small part of that kingdom. The author enters it by the pass of the Bidassoa, a small river at the western extremity of the Pyrenees, which divides what was formerly Bearn from Biscay, and is one of the three only points at which Spain is not inaccessible on the side of France. Yrun is the first Spanish town at which he arrives, and after an animated description of a battle which was fought in that neighbourhood during the last war between Spain and France, he proceeds to St. Sebastian; from thence to Saragossa, and thence to Madrid. Before the French revolution, it seems, there was a communication instituted by post and diligences from Madrid to Bayonne, on the same footing as in France. The war destroyed this convenient establishment, and notwithstanding a peace of nine years, it has never been revived.

In a book called Travels in Spain, we were surprised to find the author arrived at Madrid so early as page 26, but we laid it to the account of his good generalship, supposing it to be his intention to get possession in the first instance of the capital, under the conviction that so important a station once gained, the rest of the country would fall in of course. Under this impression, we felt great satisfaction in seeing him possess himself successively of the Buen Retiro, the Palais Neuf, Aranjuez, and St. Ildephonso; we heard with complacency his accounts of the climate, the laws, and the religion; and much approved his accuracy and perseverance in making himself acquainted with the establishment of the king's household, the army, the navy, and the external and internal institutions of commerce. With great patience we

waited upon him through all his details for the space of one hundred and fifty, or two hundred pages; we then began to be tired of the capital, panted to be led out to the mountains of Galicia; to the banks of the Ebro, rendered interesting by the remembrance of classical importance, or those provinces with which the few remaining monuments of Moorish splendour make every one wish to be acquainted. But, contented or not, we found ourselves unable to leave Madrid till page 302, having spent there a portion of time, which (although that city, as the capital of the kingdom, was undoubtedly entitled to more than ordinary attention) our readers will agree with us in thinking rather unreasonable. We cannot say that we altogether approve of this mode of travelling in a country, without appearing to stir from the metropolis. It is defective in one grand object, that of affording entertainment to the generality of readers. We are fully aware, that the use to be derived from the observations of a well-informed sensible traveller, is of a higher class than that which is attained by the description of cities, mountains, and rivers; we are ready to acknowledge that to them the science of the philosopher, the politics of the statesman, and the combinations of the historian, are in a great measure to be referred. But unless these observations are blended with subjects capable of affording relief and amusement, they fail in raising in the mind that interest which is so essentially necessary to render their impression lasting, and their force useful. Besides this objection, the author's observations are desultory and irregular. For instance, the discussion of the merit of Spanish oils is introduced in a chapter between those on the cemeteries, and the historians of the country; and coiners, rivers, provisions, coxcombs, and mules, are classed together in a manner the most grotesque and ridiculous. Another fault not to be overlooked, is his determined inveteracy against those travellers who have gone before him. In his preface he calls them his *Ciceroni*, and so constantly and cruelly do their misrepresentations haunt him, that wherever he turns, however sacred and retired the spot he is describing, however important the topic he is discussing, and however calm the mode in which he is treating it, the grizly shade of some assertion of either Mons. de Langle, or Mons. Bourgoing, never fails to rise up to disturb the tranquillity of the scene, and the composure of the author, and provoke him to make use of language not easily reconcileable either to decency or good manners. The latter of these authors we have always considered as respectable; and whatever may be the demerits of the former,

they will hardly justify our author in the use of the violent epithets of which he is so liberal.

But it is time to introduce our readers to Spain, and the mode which the author adopts in his account of that kingdom. With this view, we shall endeavour to digest his remarks into two great classes, namely, those which concern Spain in her relations with other countries, and those which apply to her internal state, as connected with the climate and the religion, the laws, manners, and characters of the inhabitants.

It must, however, be premised, that our author appears to be highly partial to the country he describes; otherwise his moderation is universal, and forms one of the most prominent features of the work. Though a Frenchman, he does not hesitate to bestow praise even on the English; and the only instances in which he departs from the candour which in general characterizes his book, are those in which perhaps it is almost pardonable to be violent, where he conceives that he has to vindicate the cause of injured virtue and truth, and to oppose disloyal or irreligious sentiments. The productions of the French press must now be expected to teem with doctrines approaching very nearly to bigotry and passive obedience—so near are extremes to each other. And we cannot withhold from our author the praise of having inserted in his work more liberality of thought than we should have expected to meet with in that country.

The regular Spanish army consists in time of peace of 78,596 men, in time of war of 117,600, of which not more than 12,000 appear to be cavalry. The king's household troops make an addition of 8000. The pay of the officers is liberal, and our author observes, 'that of all the armies of Europe, except the English, the Spanish is the best paid.' There appears indeed, from the following passage, to be more pay than work, as in some other countries:

> 'It would be very desirable (page 92) that the use of coffee-houses should be abolished; there should be no meetings of officers when not stimulated by the love of their profession; in these houses they lose their time, and have no other business than fatiguing themselves with idleness. Here glitter their tassels and laces; lieutenant-generals, colonels, ensigns, are confounded in the smother of segars, and equality reigns undisturbed around the billiard-table. The soldier pulls off his hat as he passes a coffee-house, for he knows his officer is there; the sergeant resorts there to communicate the orders, and deliver the account of his company.'

The force of the country, we agree with our author in thinking adequate to its defence; particularly as it is guarded

on so many sides by the barriers of nature. The king's Walloon guards consist of three battalions; they were first created by Philip V. and then consisted exclusively of natives of those provinces of France which had been formerly under the government of Spain. This principle was abandoned during the last war with France, when Frenchmen without distinction, and even Spaniards, and strangers of all countries, were admitted. The experiment of reform was before tried by Philip V. but the representations and entreaties of the Duke of Havre (brother of the Count Priego, who had formed the corps) contained in a letter which is introduced rather unnecessarily to fill ten pages of the present work, induced him to maintain their original establishment.

Of the Spanish navy, it will be now needless to make any extracts from the book before us, or indeed any other. The best documents on that subject to which we can refer our readers, are the recent dispatches of Lord Collingwood. But while we feel a satisfaction, which every patriotic mind must feel, in reflecting on the glorious and melancholy achievement which has rendered this inquiry needless, we cannot forbear the tribute of the highest applause to the manly conduct of the Spaniards, which has been marked by the noblest traits both of generosity and humanity.

Our author's accounts of the commerce of Spain with England, are avowedly drawn from English sources; the balance appears to be in favour of Spain. He is decidedly favourable to the Spanish colonial system. We have not leisure, nor is this the place, to attempt a discussion of this difficult question.

The wool exportation trade produces yearly four hundred and seventy-five millions. It is chiefly carried on by the ports of Bilboa, St. Andero, and Seville, and is divided between the English, the French, and the Dutch.

'Almost all the commerce in wool' (says our traveller, page 178) 'is carried on by the merchants of Madrid, who get the proprietors of flocks into their power by advancing them money. 'For,' he tells us, 'the flock-owners in general support themselves more on credit than by their own capital. It is thus that the principal branch of Spanish commerce is infinitely more profitable to the merchants than to the government by the augmentation of the branch itself. For, by means of their brokers, the merchants are upon the watch for needy owners, and instead of giving them capital for the increase of the flocks, they profit by their distress to get the fleeces at a low price. These wools are then sold abroad at a price much under their real value, so that the greatest profit is made

by foreigners, who sell their cloths at a price calculated, not upon what they have paid, but upon what they ought to have paid, for the wools they have manufactured.'

The stopping an exportation so prejudicial to the establishment of manufactures within herself, would unquestionably be wise policy in Spain. There would, we imagine, be little danger of her losing her superiority in this article, after the many unsuccessful attempts to rival her that have been made by ingenious speculators in this country.

We now turn to what there is in this work descriptive of Spain and its inhabitants. We shall not fatigue our readers with details of the different buildings at Madrid; they have all been repeatedly described, and we find nothing on the subject either new or remarkable in the book before us. The new palace appears to be still incomplete, and from the immensity of the design, and the difficulties which the ground chosen for its erection, and other circumstances, present, it seems probable, that it will still be some time before it is finished. The author speaks (pages 59, et seq.) in no very high terms of the criminal laws of Spain. The capital punishment of the lower classes, is hanging; of the nobility, strangling. The great man is also indulged with the privilege of going to execution on horseback, and wears a robe of violet colour, and a green cap.

We cannot by any means agree with our author in his opinion of the Inquisition. We trust we are not amongst those who suffer themselves to be carried away with idle declamations of prejudice. Yet we have always, from all we have read, and all we have thought on the subject, formed so strong an idea of the horrors of that tribunal, that it would require much stronger reasoning than what this book contains, to induce us to alter our opinion. We were not at all fond of the laws formerly in force in this country against the Roman Catholics; but they are now for the most part repealed, whilst the Inquisition still exists. That tribunal must be considered as a lion tamed, (without the prudence of Æsop's wench) who still retains his teeth and claws, the instruments of that fury which the first provocation may revive. We are well assured that superstition is rapidly losing ground in Spain. The remark has been made to us by many ingenious men who have lately visited that country. At the same time we look earnestly for the dissolution of the religious houses, as the only effectual method of putting Spain upon that footing in regard to learning and good sense which she certainly is entitled to hold. No class of people, however, is so entirely useless as not to be of service in some situation

or other; and the least the monks can do, in return for the life of idleness in which they are maintained, is to fill the offices of firemen and sick-nurses, (page 135) when occasion requires. On the subject of superstition we cannot help remarking the stories told of our countrymen under the head 'Jours malheureux,' (page 256.) Every one knows that sailors are superstitious, that James I. believed in sorcery, and that the belief of spectres and ghosts is still prevalent in Scotland and Wales: but at all events we would recommend our author, for the sake of decency, if not of truth, to expunge the story told in page 261.

The character of the Spaniards has been so often drawn, that little new can be expected on the subject. They are high-spirited, well-informed, persevering, frank, of easy manners in private life, (the manners of the women, indeed, approaching to levity and coquetry) but without that frivolity which so strongly marks the French. They have hitherto, it appears, resisted the introduction of French manners; and, although the Spaniards are by a positive edict obliged to cock their hats in Madrid, yet no sooner are they fairly out of the city, than they indulge their national prejudices by restoring them to their original slouch.

We hasten now to quit Madrid, and although we do not hope to equal the miraculous speed of his catholic majesty, who, we are gravely told in page 232, goes from Aranjuez to Madrid (a distance of at least twenty-five miles) in an hour and a half, and from Madrid to St. Ildefonso (more than fifty miles) in three hours and an half, yet we shall be happy to attend our author back to France; he goes by the way of Catalonia, taking in his route Lerida, Cervera, Montserrade, Molin del Rey, Barcelona, and Taragona. His account of the travelling in Spain is very entertaining. Posting seems to be entirely in the hands of monopolizers, that worst inconvenience of arbitrary governments. Of course travellers are badly conducted and badly accommodated.

'The only mode of travelling in Spain (page 233.) is by mules. Those who wish to travel swiftly, and do not chuse to be at the expence of post horses, hire a mule. They are sure to go at the rate of eighteen leagues a day; they are attended by a servant (*mozo*), who is always at the head of the beast. It is difficult to say which is the most surprizing, the mule or the servant. Those who choose to travel in a carriage, and with expedition, hire what is called a "*coche de colleras*," a carriage with four seats, tolerably convenient, drawn by six or seven mules. The coach owner has relays of mules, and, at a considerable expence, you travel as fast as by posting in France, not travelling in the night. If you are not in a hurry, you get on

by short stages of from twelve to fourteen leagues. A stranger going first into Spain trembles at being intrusted to six furious animals, who have no bridle, and nothing but the voice of the coachman to direct them. Left to themselves the whole road, between two ditches, they set off at full trot on level ground, and at full gallop down hill: they are obedient to every turn of the coachman's voice, who, seated on the planks over the front wheels, exercises a most despotic authority over them. He has by way of lieutenant a man called *zagal*. His office is to flog the mule who is lazy, or shews any signs of insubordination. Trotting by the side of the beasts, the *zagal* encourages them with his voice and his whip.'—'On arriving in a town he places himself between the two fore mules, holding one by each hand, and in that situation passes through the streets that lead to the inn.'

It was the intention of our traveller to have visited the southern parts of Spain, and Gibraltar, but the malady under which those fine provinces were then labouring, induced him to forego his plan. Our readers will, perhaps, be entertained with his remarks on these diseases:

'According to the observations (says he, page 303) of the most celebrated physicians of Cadiz, Malaga, and other cities, this disease is not the plague; it has not even any symptom of it; nor is it the yellow fever, although the infection which spread its ravages at Cadiz for three years, was first introduced by persons and merchandize coming from an American port where the yellow fever was prevalent: but the characteristics of this disease have been changed by the climate of Andalusia, and although quite as destructive, it is not so dangerous, being more easily got under. It is not contagious; there are even instances of people who have worn the cloaths of those who had died of the disorder, and have not caught it; the air only is impregnated with the particles of infection, and changes for the better have been remarked whenever it has rained, or the thermometer has fallen.'—'This disease (p. 305) which the physicians have called the putrid, the inflammatory, the bilious fever, shews itself in the most frightful symptoms in the very outset. The patient feels a sinking and weakness both of body and mind, loses all concern for himself, and if he is left, (of which there were many instances before the disease was understood) he falls a sacrifice more for want of care than from the effects of this malady. Four and twenty hours after the first seizure, the fever appears, vomitings begin the second day, and what is ejected is of a black colour, from which circumstance the disease has been frequently called the Black Sickness *(Vomito negro)*. Delirium comes on almost immediately, and the disorder generally proves fatal on the sixth day. The remedy which has been hitherto the most efficacious, is emetics given on the first symptoms, and when they have worked off, a large quantity of lemonade, and diluents, and above all, the greatest cleanliness.'—'It

has been remarked, (p. 308) that persons who have bathed in the sea, who have drunk every morning a glass of sea-water, or have rubbed themselves with oil, have generally escaped the infection. I was assured that M. de Reding (colonel of the Swiss regiment of that name, which was in garrison at Malaga during the epidemy) preserved his men by making them dip their shirts in oil.'*

On the whole, this work is evidently that of an intelligent and thinking, though prejudiced man; and we assure our readers, that, if the book should fall in their way, it will well repay them for the trouble of perusing it.

ART. V.—*Precis historique de la derniere Expedition de St. Domingue, &c.*

An historical Detail of the last Expedition to St. Domingo, from the Departure of the Army from the Coasts of France, to the Evacuation of the Colony, concluding with the Means of its Re-establishment. By A. P. M. Laujon. 8vo. *Paris,* 1805. Imported by Deconchy.

THE conflagrations, tortures, and massacres, which have made St. Domingo, Ireland, and La Vendée, such prominent features in the history of the French revolution, mark, in very distressing colours, the character of the age in which we live, and in the eyes of posterity will abate very much the value of the compliments paid to modern refinements and civilization. Humanity shudders at the horrors perpetrated in St. Domingo, where the whites seemed to vie with the blacks in devising superior methods of cruelty. To detail them all could answer no good purpose: it is not to be expected from a Frenchman, that he would permit any thing to transpire which should tend to excite general indignation in Europe against his countrymen; the negro is the object of unreserved abuse, the horrible crimes of the French are to the utmost palliated, or past over in silence.

The cry of liberty and equality reached the shores of Domingo at a very early period of the revolution. The blacks were to be raised to the level of humanity, but no regard was paid to previous circumstances, and the granting of freedom to them was the signal of outrage and tumult in the colony. What by prudent and wise measures might have been a general blessing, was converted into a curse to all par-

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* See the remarks of Mr. Jackson, in his 'Commerce of the Mediterranean,' respecting the effects of oil in preventing the plague, exemplified in the instance of the coolies or porters of Tunis. P. 64, et seq. REV.

ties. From being a slave, the black became at last the master, and the war between England and France took away from the latter country every opportunity of bringing back the colony to its ancient obedience. The first effect of peace was the sending of a strong military force to Domingo, which was supplied by continual reinforcements; and it was not doubted that the superior skill and discipline of the French would in a short time regain entire possession of the whole island.

The blacks at the time of the expedition were under Toussaint, who had for some years ruled over them with absolute sway, and who negociated with the English as a sovereign prince. His force, according to our author, amounted only to thirteen regiments of the line, composing a body of at least eighteen thousand men, together with about three thousand cavalry. Against him twelve thousand men embarked in France, and on the 2d of February, 1802, arrived at the Cape, where Christophe, an English black, commanded, who, on receiving from the French commander in chief a proclamation, acknowledging the rights of the men of colour and the negroes, requested of Leclerc to suspend his landing for three days, that Toussaint might be informed of the arrival of the French, and return what orders he might think necessary on such an occasion. The entrance of the port within that time was prohibited; but the French general, paying no regard to the request, determined to seize on the place that night, and thus committed his first fault of attempting every thing by force, rather than by policy. The winds prevented the execution of his designs, and the day discovered them to the negroes, who conceiving the French force to be much greater than it was, resolved to abandon the place, and conflagrations in the town and neighbouring plantations announced to the French that they might now land and take possession of a ruined district.

In a short time the French were masters of the southern part of the island, and found means to create dissensions among the principal blacks. After frequent engagements, and the ravaging of all the country that was the seat of war, Toussaint submitted, and surrendered himself to the French, who thus became masters of the island, and had every reason to expect with returning peace, returning prosperity to the colony. The first measures taken seem to have been founded on prudence: the commander in chief ordered a council to be summoned, consisting of members of the three classes, whites, mulattoes, and blacks, to deliberate on the laws necessary for the government of the island, and

whilst they were occupied in this salutary office, the disorder so fatal to Europeans, began its ravages in the army.

According to our author, the colony was every day recovering from its disastrous state, and the next event, the seizure of Toussaint, was the signal for the return of its ancient proprietors. The pretext for this seizure is related to be the discovery of a plot for arming the negroes, which Toussaint had framed at his retirement, about thirty leagues from the Cape: a pretext easily formed by those who wished to deprive him of his liberty and influence. The author contends, that the opinion entertained in France of the impolicy of this seizure, as the origin of all the future evils, was founded in extreme prejudice, and that the knowledge of the character of this chief made it absolutely necessary: but he does not appear to us to succeed in either argument, and the abuse which he casts upon this unfortunate hero, renders his account still more suspicious; as the seizure of Toussaint is asserted to have had no effect upon the blacks, some other cause must be discovered for their future conduct.

The sickness increased among the French troops, and with the arrival of ships from the other islands, came the news, which could not be suppressed, that in these islands slavery was re-established, and that cargoes of negroes had been imported and sold. Soon afterwards partial insurrections took place, but they were suppressed; and Dessalines, the next in power to Toussaint, was one of the most active in executing against his former companions in arms, the design of the new government. His conduct, though narrowly watched, was free from the slightest taint of suspicion, and he seems to have conducted himself with such prudence that he was not even suspected till the moment that he appeared in arms against a fort; and he most probably had reserved himself for the moment when the diseased state of the French army gave him the fairest prospect of success. The news of this revolt reached Leclerc on the 21st of October, and he died on the next day. Our author is unwilling to allow to Dessalines much merit in the part he thus took, and the insurrection of the negroes is attributed to three causes: First, the disorder among the French troops, which carried off nine-tenths of their forces, and prevailed in such a manner that the continual supplies from France were inadequate; the second cause was the news of slavery being established in Martinico and Guadaloupe; the third, the support offered to the blacks by the English government. We cannot but attribute much more to the manner in which Leclerc effected

his landing, and the seizure of Toussaint: by the first he created an alarm in the minds of the blacks, by the second he confirmed it, and they seem to have availed themselves of circumstances to regain their liberty, and to rid their country of men not inferior in cruelty and treachery to themselves.

Rochambeau had now the command of the army, and with it a difficult task to perform. Our author, who is released from the fear of finding out a fault attaching to a person related to his emperor, discovers one which must assuredly have been highly prejudicial to the French interests. The mulattoes, he tells us, were at Domingo, what many rich men were in France before the revolution: they cried out for liberty and equality with the same views. The rich men of the *tiers état* wished for a change in government, that they might be placed on a level with those who by rank and birth were above them, but had no idea of giving equality to others, nor of losing that importance and respect to which they thought themselves entitled by their wealth. The mulattoes and free blacks desired the prejudice on colour to be removed, without imparting any of the privileges they demanded, to the negro slaves, whose slavery they considered to be as useful to themselves as to the whites. These mulattoes never forgot the injuries they had suffered under the government of Toussaint, and by proper management would have made an excellent barrier between the whites and the blacks. But the whites recollected what they had suffered from the mulattoes, and began in their turn to retaliate. One of them, to whom the French were indebted for the taking of Port-au-Prince, and the safety of its inhabitants, was arrested on mere suspicion by General Darbois, and drowned the same night. Two others were soon after seized and drowned in the same manner, and the consequence was, that the mulattoes left the whites, and took the side of the blacks. The author does not deny that there might be a foundation for the trial of these mulattoes, but he properly observes, that the means employed against them, supposing them to be culpable, were atrocious, barbarous, impolitic, and injurious to the government under whose authority they were used.

From this time a series of cruelties took place on both sides, and the English are accused of putting into the hands of slaves, weapons for the destruction of their masters. Whether this be true or not, the blacks and men of colour every day gained strength, and the war between England and

France prevented the arrival of reinforcements from the latter country. At last the military were confined within the district of the Cape, and found themselves under the necessity of evacuating it. The author here forgets to paint the hurry in which they were obliged to escape from the blacks, and put themselves into the power, or rather under the protection of the English. Our commodore is said to have promised that the officers should not be disarmed, nor their property seized, and to have broken his word in both respects. We are not inclined to credit the Frenchman's account: if the English had chosen to leave them to their fate, they must in a few hours have perished under the cruelties of the blacks, but we find no emotions of gratitude for the preservation of their lives. On the 30th of November, 1804, they escaped from the island, which was left to a black government, and thus ended an expedition disastrous in itself, and not, even under the colouring of this author, deserving of better success.

On the re-establishment of the colony, of which the most sanguine hopes are entertained, and for which a campaign of five months is supposed to be sufficient, some judicious advice is given. Experience evidently teaches a better conduct towards the blacks; to preserve and extend the former rights of the mulattoes; to insure liberty to the black soldiers now in arms, and to take them into pay: as to the other negroes, they are to be brought back to their ancient slavery. The experiment will not soon be tried, and notwithstanding the superior skill and discipline of the French, there is an obstacle in the climate not easily to be overcome. The blacks also have tasted the sweets of liberty: they are perfectly well acquainted with the dispositions of their ancient masters, and are well convinced that no dependence can be placed on their promises. We should be glad to have an opportunity of comparing this account of the expedition with one written by a member of the black army. The conduct of the French would be painted in truer colours, and we might probably hear of some traits of heroism in a black, of which this volume would make us believe he is incapable. In spite of the prejudices of the author, enough appears, to prove that the plan was ill-concerted, badly executed, and disgraceful to the French character.

ART. VI.—*L'Art Militaire.*

The Art of War, as practised among the most famous Nations of Antiquity, analyzed and compared with that of Modern Times; or, an Inquiry into the true Theory of War, and the essential Principles of military Institutions. By L. M. P. de Laverne, formerly an Officer of Dragoons. pp. 510. 8vo. 8s. Paris. 1805. Imported by Deconchy.

A MILITARY project for perpetual peace! the pleasing illusion of weak but benevolent men in all ages, and peculiarly natural to an old soldier who has experienced the fatigues and calamities of war. Visionary, however, as it may appear to some, it has no doubt its use in cherishing a general sentiment of humanity; desirable as it may seem to others, it would nevertheless have its evils, as continued repose might relax the energies of nations, and enfeeble their capacity for the arts and sciences. We reject indeed with strong reprobation the solitary idea, expanded till it fills a huge quarto volume, that war is necessary to impede the progress of population; but we must equally regard the first melodious notes that announce the existence of perpetual peace as the funeral-knell of genius. Let us not, however, withhold the due tribute of approbation to the benevolent design of M. Laverne, who certainly shapes his march by a new route to this 'divine tranquillity.' Had the author been a Millenarian or an Israelite, we should have concluded, that he had fixed his mind's eye on the Messiah, and that he beheld him clad in complete armour at the head of countless hosts, 'going forth conquering and to conquer.' But M. Laverne, verbally, if not conscientiously a Christian, has very different views, and boldly denies all peculiarly pre-eminent merit in the revolutionary generals of France, in order to vest it in the modern art of war. To establish this point, and at the same time a perfect system of military organization, would certainly contribute very materially to the success of his most laudable object—the suppression of lawless ambition, and a desire to stop the effusion of human blood. His proposed means, however, of realizing this wish, if not inadequate, are, we fear, very inconsistent with such desirable ends. They are simply an augmentation, rather than an improvement of military establishments, by which he would have a nation capable of devoting, at a moment, its entire physical power to act simultaneously against the enemy. This unity is the sole basis of the new military system, which the author modestly confesses to have borrowed from the

work of the Prussian officer, M. Bulow, on the modern System of War, which he had previously translated into French. The work of our author indeed consists of historical reflections, all tending to illustrate or establish the above principle of a military system, which he thinks would render the art of war much more rational and systematic, and finally lead to its total disuse: that is to say, war, by its extravagance and unreasonableness, would then destroy itself, and men would at length recoil from a practice so unworthy of rational beings. There is perhaps as much truth as novelty in this opinion, which is very congenial to the mind of Frenchmen, who carry every thing to extremes, and who know of no other test of truth than ridicule. Notwithstanding M. Laverne's endless tautological repetitions, which would make even a Dutchman yawn, that the perfection of the military system would produce perpetual and universal peace, he has the good sense to insist, in the most decisive terms, on the balance of power in Europe. Of a work entirely composed of reflections, and in a style the most heavy and prolix with which the lumber of a feeble imagination was ever enveloped, it is impossible to give an analysis. We shall therefore translate such sentences as contain nearly all that is either new or intrinsically valuable in the volume, from which it will appear that the author possesses some good sense and much benevolence; but that, like the generality of his countrymen, he is greatly deficient in that depth of judgment, that energy of mind, that perceptive power, which developes and illumines the principles on which are founded the science and laws of human society. The following sentence occurs in the preface:

'It cannot be too often repeated and proved to man, that he can neither be great, happy, strong, nor triumphant, but by the means of order, method, and prudence; and that enthusiasm, and the more ardent virtues, have never produced any thing durable: they spring from the passions, and lead directly to vice. True virtue springs only from reason, so that virtue and beauty may every where be found.'

This trite but useful truth is followed by others equally so, on the military state.

'Armies, an integral part of polished societies, have been instituted to subdue men to law and good order, to maintain harmony and peace by means of a visible force, and by virtue of example. They have been placed as the corner-stone, on which is imposed the weight of the social edifice; so that they necessarily have great duties, but also equivalent rights. Consequently, war, which has so often ori-

ginated in the passions of men, but which, in the infancy of the world, perhaps had no other cause than the necessity under which established agricultural societies found themselves, of resisting the incursions of wandering tribes, and even of subduing them for their security; war, I say, has given birth to the art of war, which, in reality, is no other than a system of attack and defence, a manner of acting simultaneously and with unity against the enemy, and of producing disorder among them by means of an orderly and systematic military institution. This is the method of maintaining order in society. It is therefore evident, that the tendency towards unity that predominates in the human mind, has been the principle of the art of war, and the *primum mobile* of regular systems that have since been framed, as it had previously presided at the foundation of the military institution. Secret at first, and the offspring of feeling rather than reflection, this disposition of the mind gradually developed itself, and in time, assumed a fixed and certain form. Thus, modified by experience, this sentiment has clearly manifested itself to the mind of man; it has become a principle: that is to say, reason has taken possession of it, and it is no more a movement of instinct, but knowingly and voluntarily it has framed, or has the power to frame, its rules of action. This is the limit to which our ideas have approached, in proportion as they became expanded by the progress of civilization. This is the end at which it is necessary to arrive, in order that the art of war may finally attain the character of a science.'

To ascribe the art of war to an instinctive sentiment of order in the human mind, and also to the necessity of self-defence, may suit the present taste of France; but in this country philosophy no longer admits of two causes to one effect. The author indeed, although he possesses something of the feeble remains of the old school, is but a poor casuist and worse metaphysician. After laying down the metaphysical data of his principles, the author attempts to deduce the present moral and military character of the different quarters of the world from the descendants of Noah: the supposed contemplative effeminacy of the south-eastern Asiatics is ascribed to Shem; the regularity and cunning selfishness of the Africans, to Ham; and the restless ambition of the Europeans and northern Asiatics, to Japhet. Many will be disposed to consider these deductions equally precarious and superficial with that which traces the art of war from a peculiar principle of the human mind. They are proved, indeed, if not false, at least superfluous, by a subsequent remark, that 'the inhabitants of fertile climates are not warriors.' To this truth we cheerfully subscribe, and see no reason for the spirit of 'double causation' that pervades the whole of this work.

The following observation, delivered with the utmost gravity, may be taken as a specimen of the popular sentiments in France:

'Europe long preserved relics of the barbarism of the northern hordes; but knowledge and civilization at length producing in us the effect which they had produced in the Romans and Greeks, we have shewn ourselves worthy of equalling them in the glorious and terrible art of subduing and destroying man.'—'The two first civilized nations have been also the first conquerors, and the first who formed an idea of organizing their troops in a rational manner, with the view of rendering them one integral and uniform body; a proof that civilization tends towards this integrity and unity: a proof that unity is the mother of regularity and of power, and the source of all success.'

We sincerely hope, that the latter well-known, but hitherto inefficient truth, may be in future more justly appreciated, not only by those destined to the profession of arms, but by statesmen, legislators, and even merchants, who may be disposed to enrich themselves by a traffic that either directly or indirectly succours the enemy. The history of all wars shews its importance; but in a war expressly carried on to annihilate the manufactures and commerce of one country, it is still more essential. The want of this integrity and unity of action has almost always been the sole cause of the defeat and dissolution of the most powerful and most just alliances that ever were formed. It is a melancholy truth, as painful to humanity as disgraceful to the judgment of statesmen, that, if wars be just and necessary, (and who can doubt it?) more efficient measures have not yet been discovered or adopted to insure the cordial co-operation of this all-powerful 'unity of action.' On this head, we must agree with M. Laverne, and consider it the part of true humanity to unite with promptitude the entire physical force of a nation, in order to give it that 'integrity and unity of action,' that may enable it to operate with an irresistible and accumulating mechanical power against the common enemy.

'With regard to nations, (observes the author) unity constitutes the whole power of the military part of the community, when it actually exists in this part, and in the relations which bind it to the other institutions of society; and this unity, which alone makes the military order an institution, and war an art, does not develope itself but in conjunction with knowledge and civilization, although it does not hence follow that all polished and enlightened nations should be military or warlike.'

'In the grand political associations of our days, and with the

moral and religious ideas brought into the world by the Christian religion, enlightened and propagated by civilization and knowledge, the word *country* is void of meaning. How can we fix to a modern European, the sphere of affection that this term ought to include? A treaty of peace that adds a province to the state of which he is a member, obliges him to cherish additional millions of men. The love of order, of public good, and of humanity, these are what ought to be engraven on the heart of every virtuous citizen of our age.'

Deeply impressed with this idea and its necessary effects, the author, in the spirit of true patriotism, feelingly laments the inevitable consequences of the partition of France into departments, that must necessarily eradicate that provincial spirit, so favourable to rivalship of glory in war, and so important to the arms of his country.

But to proceed with his military system, we have the following eight propositions, modestly denominated 'incontestible truths:'

1st. 'Among the nations that have cultivated war, those only in which the military have constituted an order in the state, and been systematically organized on a rational plan, have made and preserved conquests, founded empires, or maintained themselves upon such a respectable footing as permitted them to unfold in their bosom all the germs of prosperity.

2d. 'These divers circumstances are not found but among polished nations.

3d. 'It results from the last observation, that the military system considered in its interior and exterior effects, is solely a creature of civilization, a production of art.

4th. 'The nations that have exercised the greatest degree of art and combination in their warlike institutions, have obtained a marked superiority over the others; and as talents are the source of art, which they support and unfold, the most enlightened and civilized nations have had the most perfect military systems.

5th. 'All that depends on art, that is to say, all that man produces by the exercise of his reason and reflection, is capable of being indefinitely perfected by man himself. It is therefore possible to establish a military system on so fixed a basis, on principles so evident, and of such universal application, that, on the one hand the profession of arms will no longer have effects that are otherwise than beneficial to society; and, on the other, the intervention of chance will be entirely banished from the practice of war.

6th. 'Effects so great must depend on a superior cause, on a general principle, which will be found in the very essence of the human mind.

7th. 'This principle is identical with the nature of the mind of man, and its manifestation follows the developement of his reason,

which is the director of the human mind. The instant that men have proceeded methodically, and founded any of their social institutions on reflection, it ought to evince itself by an uniform tendency of the mind of the people to a certain end, which they endeavour to attain, and to which they will approach more or less near in proportion to their knowledge.

8th. 'Therefore, that which wise men have always sought for in religious, political, or civil institutions, in the sciences and in the arts, is *unity*, which the human mind considers, by a necessary principle of its moral organization, as the source of beauty, of goodness, of power, and of duration.

'It is then no longer possible to misconceive the fundamental principles which must be the stone of our edifice. To conduce to unity, to attain that unity, to bind together intimately all the parts of the military system, and to attach this system by indissoluble links and by multiplied ties, to all the other branches of the social tree; this is what must be sought after. We are now sufficiently well informed, and far enough advanced in civilization; our experience is sufficiently consummate, and our reason so solid, that the execution of this plan need not exceed our powers. In a word, we are in a condition to subject to analysis an art, which is but a tissue of combinations and reflections depending on the mind; we can withdraw the illusion of the mysterious veil that has been drawn over the manner of its proceedings, when reduced to practice; and it is in our power to give it all the perspicuity, immutability, and vigorous exactitude of a science.'

Perhaps this affected metaphysical jargon of mysticism may bring the fable of the mountain to the recollection of some readers, or it may excite a smile at the writers who are incessantly abusing English authors for dryness and obscurity. How M. Laverne could envelope what he strangely calls 'incontestible truths,' in such tautological verbiage, we shall not stay to determine. From deference to our English readers, however, we have rendered them, in our translation, somewhat more perspicuous and less absurd than they are in the original. The author only meant to express with an air of novelty, a very common idea, which he has probably borrowed from Pope, namely, that 'order is Heaven's first law,' and that as this law is perceptible throughout the material universe, it ought also to prevail in human institutions. This is the sum of our author's discovery; yet we shall not be surprised to hear, perhaps in a very few years, that Englishmen have learned the art of war from M. Laverne! He has not indeed been able even to apply this idea as he might have done, to the completion of his object, by shewing its influence and subserviency to the art of war, even in defiance of political institutions, and of generally received mo-

ral principles. Philosophers, however, augur very different events from this congenial sentiment of order in the human mind, and expect it sooner or later to produce such efficient sentiments of justice, as shall ultimately assuage the malignant passions, and thence obviate the causes of war, and consequently the necessity of any warlike institutions. The followers of this project complain with too much truth, that it has never had a fair trial, and the almost insuperable difficulty of procuring it such trial, is not the least argument against its practicability. Not so with that of our author, who is very likely to find that part which relates to the establishment of a military power, carried beyond what he at present conceives, and perhaps farther than he would wish; but we much doubt, that his plan for restoring the balance of power will share the common fate of its predecessors, and be abortive only from its not being applied.

M. Laverne, after this luminous exposition of his system, and his *annonce du maxime*, glances at the history of ancient and modern wars: but he is still bewildered with facts, which his vapid imagination cannot animate, nor his feeble judgment arrange. Nevertheless, we trembled for the man, now perhaps languishing in a dungeon, who had the conscientious temerity to make the following observations in France:

'The Swiss have maintained their independence in the centre of Europe, first, from the respect that their simple manners and profound tranquillity inspired; and afterwards because that independence entered into the balance of Europe, and coincided with the views of the great powers. It has been seen in our time with what facility they have been subdued, when the government of one of these preponderating powers has been able to trample on all these considerations. This conquest, which assuredly does no honour to the conquerors, has still been a demonstration of this principle (unity and science) of carrying on war: art, and particularly the means that proceed from art, decides every thing, and triumphs over all obstacles that are not of the same nature. In 1798, the German-Swiss had as great a love of liberty, as much courage, and almost as much physical power, as in the days of William Tell; but it was a contest of excellent citizens, full of energy and of virtue, against men who *were merely soldiers*, but who were truly soldiers, and who had good arms, cartridges in profusion, and experience in war.'

The conduct of the French soldiers at that period in Switzerland is detestable even in the estimation of Frenchmen themselves, and no person who has since travelled over that theatre of their 'most foul murders,' but must execrate their barbarity. No historian has yet, nor perhaps ever will

venture to give a full account of their crimes. From our author, however, we have some more pleasing observations, which shew that his national ambition has not entirely extinguished his good sense.

'The expence of war and its effect on the finances, tend to arrest its progress. This shews the difference between the ancient and modern modes of warfare: it shews to how many combinations and foresights war is subject among us; and at the same time discovers the limits of the art, and those of success and of conquests: for their extent, and above all their preservation, ought to be calculated at present according to the intrinsic power of states. It will perhaps be objected to me, that however just this calculation may be, there is no reason why we should not extend the results to infinity; for the intrinsic power of states may be augmented by profitable conquests and good connections; the first conquest will lead to others more considerable, and thus to the extremities of the earth. But it becomes us to know if this indefinite growth of power is in the order of nature, and if there do not exist natural limits, as well physical as moral, on which even the boundaries imagined by politicians should have been founded. Now, the existence of these natural limits do not appear to me doubtful; every thing is bounded in the physical world; and in the actual state of things in Europe, it would be a folly to think that one power could invade and subdue all the others.'

Yet such has been the folly of Louis XIV. such the folly of the tyrant of the present day. Another extract will suffice to give our readers an adequate idea of the well-meaning author's project of general pacification.

'The system of uniting politics with war, and of the great developement of power, whether in men, in materials for war, or in money, has been perfectly known to, and adopted by England, who has made it the basis of her grandeur. This nation, not essentially warlike, having long since turned her genius, her views, and her resources solely to the marine department, it has been and always will be difficult for France, her rival, to endeavour to conquer, from the superiority of her forces and her tactics.

'The discovery of gunpowder, so beautiful in itself, is above all so extraordinary in this point of view (its giving a fixed form to the military state), that no physical invention has ever had a similar moral influence, which has certainly consolidated the balance of Europe, that perhaps would never have been perfectly, and invariably established without it. On the other hand, by giving a different basis to military concerns and to all the operations of war, it has intimately united them, as we have seen, to the system of politics, and to the administration of states. It has reduced war to no more than a branch of the vast science of government; and by giving a check to the rapidity of conquests, it has powerfully accelerated the

civilization of the world, and laid a foundation for the possibility of realizing the most sublime idea, that of perpetual peace!!'

The author continues to accumulate corroborating reflections and observations, but without any regard to that order for which he contends so incessantly, and to which he ascribes all power, happiness, and prosperity. Perhaps, indeed, he conceives the effusions of his own mind sufficiently systematic, and that the connection of sentences only may serve for what he calls an analysis and comparison of the ancient and modern military art, and an investigation of the true theory of war. He is equally verbose and erratic in labouring to defend and establish the idea of the balance of power in Europe. We fear that this principle of honest policy is not likely to be speedily realized, notwithstanding the laudable efforts of our author, who, by the way, seems never to have dreamt, that it is merely, as it were, a modification of a plan for perpetual peace. It is, however, a pleasing circumstance that the justice and necessity of this most salutary measure begin to be accredited in France, where, in derision of such a notion, Englishmen were formerly accosted by the epithet *Monsieur Balance*. All rational men are now convinced that it is not a mere political chimera, but a law which cannot be violated without prejudice to the great republic of Europe.

M. Laverne proceeds to a detail of the minor regulations and services of his grand military corporation, which, as was formerly the practice in France, he would devote during peace to the erection of public edifices, the construction of bridges, roads, canals, &c. in which the officers should do the duty of engineers, architects, and artists. To a state containing twenty millions of inhabitants, he assigns three hundred thousand soldiers, of whom seventy thousand should be cavalry. These soldiers he would allow to cultivate and possess each a small portion of land, after the manner of the ancient Romans. On agriculture he bestows high and merited praise, as the great source of riches, health, and virtue. His observations on commerce, which he also extols, imply a most pointed censure on the ignorant and illiberal measures of Bonaparte in prohibiting the introduction of all foreign manufactures, not excepting those that were wanted in France even to distress. The general inconvenience and calamity occasioned by such short-sighted and malignant policy, may perhaps become the most favourable circumstances for our commerce on the return of peace.

The author concludes, after many judicious reflections

tinctured with the humane shade of pacific wishes, by urging the enormous expences of war and its destructive influences, the folly of unlimited ambition, and the heinous criminality of the cruel love of conquest, together with many forcible and persuasive arguments in behalf of justice, humanity, and sound policy, against inordinate ambition and enthusiastic love of glory, demonstrative of the urgent necessity for an immediate, general, and permanent peace. We regret that such moderate and wise sentiments of general policy should be expressed in a style so redundant and soporific as will obstruct their dissemination in the only country in which they are most required, or could be most useful. This is the more to be regretted, as the work is unexceptionably moral, and is one of the few modern French publications that we can safely recommend, as free from either false morality or vulgar obscenity.

ART. VII.—*Voyage à Cayenne, &c.*

Travels to Cayenne, in the two Americas, and amongst the Anthropophagi. By Louis Ange Piton, deported to Cayenne during three Years, by the Sentence of the Criminal Tribunal of the Department of the Seine, and restored by a Pardon from his Majesty the Emperor. 2 *Vols.* 8vo. Paris. 1805. Imported by Deconchy.

IT is generally our misfortune to remark a great variance in the promises of an author from his actual performance. Some books perform too much, more perform too little, all promise enough; but alas! how very few are the number of those who perform exactly what is sufficient and no more! The same levity and folly which characterize the manners, dress, and morals of the age, prevail also in its literature. Our authors and authoresses write to shew their ignorance, just as our belles and elegantes dress to display their shapes: and by the same rule which induces us to think the latter would be still more lovely, if it were the fashion not to *dress* at all, we cannot help being of opinion that the former would be much more amiable and entertaining if it were the fashion not to *write* at all. But let us throw the blame where it should justly fall; on the vitiated taste of readers. Merit possesses so few charms, that it is often less attractive than a mere name. An author possessing this happy endowment, may advertise his work before he has put together a sentence of it, and the attention which he bestows on it will then be in an inverse ratio to the curiosity his proposals ex-

cite. His name will find readers; readers must 'pay for their peeping;' and the showman gets just the same, whether what he shows be an overgrown cat or a tiger.

'An account of Cayenne *and* the two Americas, *and* the Anthropophagi, *and* memoirs of Collot and Billaud, *and* the savages, the blacks, the creoles, *and the quakers*,' from the pen of one who had been in the habit of actual observation for some time, and that person a victim of the revolution, recalled by the great emperor, could not fail to excite much interest in the good people of France. Louis Ange Piton knew this, and has availed himself of it; he has foisted into his work every thing that his name and the interest of the subject were capable of supporting; has described with the utmost minuteness the very interesting regulations to which the deported were subject on their passage to, and on their arrival in Guiana, as to their food, hours of sleep, &c.; has given verbatim the edict by virtue of which he was recalled; has introduced every idea which suggested itself to the minds of himself and his companions in misfortune, and related every story that the toothless *Sexagenarians* of the party mumbled out with the strange intention (God help them!) of amusing the tedium of the voyage. We know not whether this author was naturalized amongst either 'the Anthropophagi, or the men whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders;' but we think, from the complexion of this work, his head must have grown nearer to his breeches pocket, than is usual in these climates.

Prefixed to the work is a life of the author, remarkable chiefly for employing forty-one pages to tell what might have been with advantage compressed into a dozen. He lost his father at the early age of eight years, and at ten was put under the care of an aunt, who designed him for the priesthood, a profession to which he took the greatest dislike. His wishes to study the law met only with the alternative of priesthood or trade, and he consequently took the resolution of running away, notwithstanding the certainty of being cut off from the old lady's fortune. This project he soon found means to accomplish; and in October, 1789, in the midst of the revolution, he arrived in Paris (P. xvii.) entering himself on the register of police as a student in theology; his purse then contained only eight louis d'ors; the first evening he was cheated out of three of them at the play-house, about a week afterwards was robbed of four more by a trick something similar to what befell Moses Primrose with the green spectacles. An introduction to Mons. Brune got him a place as writer for the '*Journal de la Cour et de la Ville*,'

from which he was removed by the secession of his patron in the middle of the year 1790. This reduced him again to distress; his lodgings, too, were robbed by a girl, with whom he appears to have been more intimate than was prudent. However, we afterwards find him tutor to the son of the Count de Matré, a situation which he did not long retain, being dismissed by means of an old woman, whom he exasperated by refusing to marry her daughter. His distresses afterwards became almost insupportable, and he gives us an account of an instance, where, much to his credit, (though reduced to the last extremity) he refused an opportunity of theft offered to him with every prospect of impunity He afterwards engages himself to the editor of the '*Journal Historique et Politique.*' This was in 1792 or 1793, from which period there is a gap till May, 1795, when he is reduced to the state of a ballad singer, and composes a song entitled, 'The Mirror of Reason, held up by Love to the blind People of France, with the Glass broken.' This is the cause of his subsequent deportation; but whether the ground of his condemnation were an insult offered to the republic of France, or that of Parnassus, we are without the means of ascertaining, as the author has not favoured us with the lines which bore so elegant a title. In an apology, also prefixed, he disclaims all party motives, a declaration which we do not think belied by the work itself.

The first forty-six pages of the work are employed in a very uninteresting detail of M. Piton's journey from Paris to Rochefort, given by way of journal; during which he passes successively through Versailles, Chartres, Chateaudun (which being the native place of the author, leads to many recurrences to the pleasures of his early life, contrasted with his present misfortunes), Vendome, Tours, Chatellerault, Poitiers, Niort, (the birth place of the celebrated Mad^lle. D. Aubigné, afterwards Marchioness de Maintenon,) and Surgeres. At this latter place he is most affectionately visited by many of his friends, by Mad^e de *G*18, M. de T45ch2; °°*M. H*29v2, (p. 43) and many others whose names are just as interesting as these are intelligible; and we confess we were heartily glad when page 46 came, that we were safely arrived at Rochefort, little thinking that (as we afterwards found to be the case) we had yet one hundred and thirty pages to get over before we should arrive at Cayenne.

The prison at Rochefort is described as worse than all that had preceded it, and the confinement closer.

'From eight till ten in the morning' (page 52) 'a part of the pri-

soners, called over by name, were permitted to breathe the fresh air in the garden; at ten, another party took the place of the former, who went in at twelve, and there was no more going out for that day.'

The rest of the day they appear to have been confined in a manner so horrible, as to induce putrefaction and death in several instances. And what with the insolence of Pompaud (the keeper) and the inhumanity of the physicians who visited the convicts, their situation seems to have equalled the very worst descriptions that the French revolution has put upon record. But we cannot help remarking that we believe no one either in France or elsewhere is now inclined to doubt of the monstrous and disgusting cruelties perpetrated during the fury of jacobinism. The descriptions which we find in the book before us, have been anticipated many years by the 'Bloody Buoy," and other well authenticated publications. The repetition of them therefore at this time answers no end but to weary the reader, and rouse afresh those sentiments of abhorrence and indignation, which, as the unhappy nation on whose annals the recorded cruelties must for ever imprint the blackest stains, have seen their error, and are no longer guilty of such outrages, it is much for the common interests of civilized humanity should rest in every bosom—not forgotten, but laid aside by the efforts of generous forbearance.

On the 13th of March, 1798, the prisoners embark on board the *Charente* frigate. The first business of the author is to describe the ship. But really, little as is our esteem for the state of nautical science in France, we did imagine no one would think it necessary to inform his readers that 'the two extremities of a ship,' (VOL. 1. P. 65,) are called the prow and the poop,' that 'the prow is the part which goes before *(avance)*' and that 'the keel is the part which is under water.' The use, however, of this minute description turns out (VOL. 1. P. 67) to be, to enable the author to point out the exact situation of the prison, where he was confined. This might have been called simply 'the hold,' *(entrepont)* for that is its real situation. 'This spot (page 67) is thirty feet wide, by twenty-seven long, and four and a half high.' 'In this height of four and a half feet, are two rows of hammocks, one over another, supported at distances of three feet each by small pillars,' allowing for each prisoner, as appears by his calculation, five feet in length and two in height. With the exception of permission, granted very

sparingly, to go upon deck, to this miserable hole were one hundred and ninety-three persons confined.

On the 19th of March an English sail was discovered. The French, of course, made every arrangement for flight; the confusion was inconceivable; clearing every part of the ship, loosing the stays, lightening the weight, and so forth; in the course of the bustle the strings by which the transport's hammocks were supported are cut; down they come, upon the bellies of their unfortunate companions; the old men are nearly stifled, and the whole scene is such as to make the reader balance between crying and laughing at it. A smart engagement afterwards takes place, during which the Frenchman runs aground off the famous tower or lighthouse of Cordovan, at the mouth of the Gironde, near Bourdeaux, (VOL. 1. P. 81, et seq.), from whence she is ordered to return crippled as she is, to Rochefort. They are afterwards embarked on board the 'Decade' frigate, which carries them safely to Cayenne.

During their voyage, the prisoners amused themselves with relating anecdotes, stories, and other small talk, which are kindly retailed by our author. Amongst other extraneous matter which we find in this part of the book, is a statement (VOL. 1. P. 112) said to be notes made by a protegé of the house of Rohan, respecting the secret history of the revolution. This memoir is too long to be extracted, but we shall shortly state the substance of it. Breteuil, secretary of Louis XV. was superseded by the Cardinal de Rohan, in the embassy to which he had been appointed for conducting the unhappy Marie Antoinette to France. The Cardinal was soon suspected of some intrigues with the Dauphine, and Louis XV. not entirely satisfied with the conduct of his daughter in law, mentioned the subject to him; Rohan being rather piqued by some slights the Dauphine had shewed him, replied by letter 'that the princess was amiable, but perhaps a little inclined to levity; and that he thought it would be prudent to watch her closely.' Some time after that king's death, Breteuil got possession of this letter, and made the Dauphine (then Queen) acquainted with its contents, which caused the disgrace of the Cardinal. He, to regain her favor, offered her a diamond necklace of great value, but there being some irregularity in paying for the present, the Cardinal was arrested, and, though he was afterwards released, the matter became so notorious that Louis XVI. called a family council to consider what should be his conduct towards the queen. It was determined that she should be sent to the Val-de-Grace; but the king afterwards changed his mind; and the queen being informed of the circum-

stance, and suspecting the Duke of Orleans to have been instrumental in her intended disgrace, a coolness ensued between them; and about two years after, she induced the king to withdraw a promise he had given his brother Orleans, with the consent of the Comte D'Artois, for the marriage of the daughter of the former with the Duke D'Angoulême, eldest son of the latter; a circumstance which so exasperated the Duke of Orleans that he vowed the destruction of the whole royal family. These particulars, if authentic, certainly possess some interest; although we cannot agree with M. Piton in referring the revolution to them. The share which the conduct of the unfortunate queen had in leading to that great event, we do not think by any means so great as some persons have supposed; and we cannot help thinking that the revolution must have proceeded from causes infinitely more serious, than even the indignation of the unprincipled Duke of Orleans.

Leaving, however, all speculations on the secret history of the revolution to our author, and such of his readers as may have leisure to pursue the inquiry, we shall follow M. Piton to Cayenne, at which place he arrived on the 11th of June. The chief place in the colony, he tells us,

'Is generally known by the name of the Island of Cayenne, but it would convey a very mistaken idea of this island to suppose it to be at a distance from the continent, and divided and surrounded by the sea; on the contrary, when the navigator lands there, it seems to him to be a part of the main land. Perhaps indeed it was so once; at present, it is only separated by rivers which are subject to the variations of the tide, but which are not navigable for vessels larger than barks or small skiffs (*pirogues*). The greatest breadth of the Island of Cayenne, on a line east and west direct, is four leagues of twenty-five to the degree,' (something more than eleven miles English.) 'Its greatest length, north and south, five leagues and a half,' (under fifteen miles English) 'and its circumference, taking in the windings of the coast, about sixteen leagues and a half,' (upwards of forty-seven miles English). 'That part of the circumference which is bounded by the sea, and which lies to the north-east, is about three leagues and a half. The town of Cayenne, situated at the north-west extremity of the island at the mouth of the river of the same name, is a fortified place, and might be easily defended by a small garrison, by means of a little morne (or hill) which is within the walls. 'The latitude is four degrees fifty-six minutes (north), and the longitude fifty-four degrees thirty-five minutes (west) by the observation of Monsieur Condamine in 1774.' VOL. I. P. 202.

Of the climate, he says, two pages farther,

'We have two summers, two winters, two equinoxes, and two

solstices. The heat is tempered by abundant rains, which fall from the winter solstice (the middle of December), till March, and recommencing in May, last till the end of July, when the principal summer begins, which lasts till December.'

The buildings and conveniences of the colony do not meet with a very advantageous description; but most probably the spots to which our author was confined were a bad sample of them.

In his account of the manners and characters of the inhabitants, there is little new or striking. We every where observe that mixture of ferocity and effeminacy which always characterizes an imperfect stage of civilization, particularly in warm climates. To the voluptuousness of the creoles M. Piton adds his full assent in the following passage (VOL. I. P. 216), which he quotes from a manuscript essay by Monsieur Prefontaine, a former governor of the northern part of the colony.

'Our creoles (says he,) revive the memory of the Sybarites, who were even bruised if the rose-leaves on which they reclined were creased, and who murdered the cocks, to avoid being awakened by their crowing. On my arrival here, I was charged with a letter to a lady whose lover *(sonpirant)* had returned to France, and had left her his picture, intending to offer her his hand. I was announced. I found her reposing on an easy couch *(braule)* close to that of her present favourite, who listlessly presented to her a bouquet of roses, which she would have taken from him, but had not power to stretch her arm so far; and the gentleman was too softly cradled to think of quitting his couch. A slave at the feet of the goddess, was tickling them to provoke the visit of Morpheus, while another was lifting up her clothes *(jupe)*, to excite with an oualy-oualy (a sort of fan made of a branch of the palm tree) the licentious breath of an artificial zephyr. The gentleman had also a negro to fan his face. A cat dared to mew; the negro woman had a box on the ear for not having prevented this disturbance. I entered in the midst of the scene; the lady did not see me, so much was she occupied with her late alarm. The gentleman opened his eyes, with a listless yawn, raised himself a little, then coughed, spit, and blew his nose quietly, made an effort to take the letter from me, and begged me to rouse the lady, as he had not strength to do so. She awoke; no more appeared the softness of indolence; it was the smiling Hebe; her eyes sparkled with gaiety and life. She appeared prepossessingly charming and lively. She darted into the drawing-room, drew back the veil which covered the portrait of him whose letter I had given her, presented it to the picture, bedewed it with her tears, replaced the veil, returned to us, smiled through her tears, and put me in mind of that sally of Ninon:

Le bon billet qu'a la Châtre,'

M. Piton does not stay long at Cayenne; he and several more of his companions in misfortune embark on the 27th July, 1798, for Korou, a part of the French colony in Guiana. The climate appears to be wretched; and it should seem by his account to be a spot singled out for every curse that could be inflicted on mankind. It abounds with all sorts of wild beasts in the most dangerous and savage state, and insects the most mischievous. In one page their cattle are destroyed by the former, and in the next a species of the latter marches in column to attack their store-house. Their linen is worm-eaten, their habitations undermined, and their persons attacked in the most troublesome manner conceivable. The last fifty pages of the first volume contain, however, some little entertainment, although we cannot help thinking that M. Piton has taken the supposed license of travellers to a pretty considerable extent.

The second volume of a book generally reads better than the first. Either the author by degrees gets mellowed into his subject, or the reader becoming more used to the style, sees the defects of it less clearly: as the ear long used to the *strum* of a false string, becomes insensible to those faults which at first painfully affected it.

The second volume of the work before us contains an account of the deserts of Konanama and Synnamari, and of the transport establishments in the interior of French Guiana. It contains little but recitals of the miserable deaths of the deported, on the greater part of whom, by our author's account, the greedy worms of corruption had anticipated their destined meal. But not content with the recital of these horrors, M. Piton carefully recapitulates them in two lists of the unfortunate wretches who died at Konanama and Synnamari, at pages 115 and 139, each of which occupies upwards of ten pages.

The only passage which we think worth extracting from this part of the book, is that in which the author relates the death of Collot D'Herbois. It is at page 14, and is as follows:

'Collot had begun a history of the revolution, but he often suspended the work to contemplate his own lot. "I am punished, (said he); this state is to me a hell." He waited anxiously for the arrival of his wife, or for his recall; his impatience brought on an inflammatory fever. M. Gauron, surgeon of the station at Korou, was sent for; he ordered quieting medicines, and a draught of wine mixed with three quarts of water every hour. The negro who sat up with the patient, either left the room, or fell asleep. Collot, in his delirium, raging with thirst and

disease, sprang up and drank off at one draught a bottle of spirits; his body became a furnace; the surgeon ordered him to Cayenne, which was six leagues off. The negroes entrusted with this service, threw him down in the middle of the road, with his face turned towards a scorching sun. The officers of the station were obliged to interfere. The negroes refused to carry "this common offender against God and mankind." "What's the matter with you?" says the surgeon, Guisouf, on his arrival. "I have a burning fever and sweat," said Collot. "I know it," said the surgeon, "you sweat with your crimes." Collot turned away and burst into tears; he called God and the Virgin to his assistance. A soldier who had been instructed by him in the tenets of atheism, stepped up and asked him why he called to that God and that Virgin whom he had, but a few months before, turned to ridicule.' "Alas! myfriend," said Collot, "my mouth imposed upon my heart." Then he cried again: "Oh my God, my God, may I still hope for pardon? Send me consolation, send me some one who may turn my eyes from the furnace which consumes me. Oh! God, grant me peace!" The approach of his last moment was so frightful, that he was left to himself. Whilst a priest was sent for, he expired on the 7th of June, 1796.'—

The life of this man is well known: such was his death!

> Forbear to judge, for we are sinners all—
> Close up his eyes, and draw the curtain close,
> And let us all to meditation!

At page 214 of this volume, we were surprised with the title 'Hyrona and Lisbé,' or 'the Indians of the Torrid Zone,' a story, which, however it may bear the character of a romance, we imagine is meant as a relation of facts, for our author is the principal agent. M. Piton's *forte* is unquestionably *romancing*, and this part of his book is very well related. The story may be told in few words: Hyrona and Lisbé were husband and wife; they had several children, and seemed to enjoy that peace of mind and easy life which, notwithstanding their barbarous observances, is the lot of savages. But in an evil hour their village is attacked by the Androgos, a tribe of cannibals, who, after a severe combat, succeed in burning the huts, and carrying off some of the vanquished party. M. Piton makes his escape with Lisbé; they afterwards return, and bury some of the dead, which the victor had left on the field. Hyrona is dead; and the generous Lisbé takes shelter in the arms of her European protector, but is afterwards, with two of her children, poisoned at a feast.

This tale, which is prettily enough told, concludes the fourth part of the book. In the fifth the author relates his return to France, where, after passing by Newport and New

York, he arrived on the 31st of August, 1801. He was afterwards arrested and confined for eighteen months more, his sentence having been transportation for life, and there being some irregularity in his return. He is, however, at length liberated, and placed as usher in a school of sciences and belles lettres, in the *Rue Sève*, at Paris. With an account of this institution, and some idle declamation on the best modes of education, the book closes.

We shall now take our leave of M. Piton. He certainly has not well acquitted himself of the task he has undertaken; the substance of his work might have been well compressed into one volume. The details, we are ready to acknowledge, may be satisfactory to some persons in France, who have been nearly interested in the history of the Deported; to such we must consign the book; for the general reader its amusement is entirely lost by the tedious prolixity of the narrative, and the quantity of irrelevant matter which is introduced.

ART. VIII.—*Histoire du Corps Imperial du Genie.*

History of the Imperial Corps of Engineers; of the Sieges and Works that it has directed, and of the Changes that the Attack, Defence, and Construction of Fortresses have experienced in France, since the Origin of modern Fortification to the present Day. Part I. From the Origin of modern Fortification till the Death of Lewis XVI. By A. Allent, Lieutenant-Colonel of Engineers, Secretary to the Committee of Fortifications, and Member of the Legion of Honour. pp. 724. 8vo. 12s. *Paris,* 1805. Imported by Deconchy.

VOLUMINOUS and multifarious are *les Histoires, les Memoires pour servir à l'Histoire,* and *les Memoires de la Vie,* that have been written in France; but we hazard nothing in asserting that, though these have not been devoid of utility, yet the French have never accomplished either a work of history or biography worthy of the name. Their chronicles are their best productions, and even these partake of the common defects of their national character. Their fondness for the agreeable and the brilliant, is apparent in all their historical writings, and the search after original truths, recondite but important facts, and remote causes, would require more energy of mind than they in general possess. To this cause must be ascribed the copiousness and superiority of their chronicles, chronologies, or collections of events, eras,

and dates, which require more industry than judgment. They seem incapable of combining the natural diversity of the heterogeneous facts which form the basis of a history, and from which causes and consequences are to be deduced. They feel, but they do not think; they write to indulge their own feelings and those of their readers, and not to exercise their understandings reciprocally, by developing useful and momentous truths, by displaying the force of circumstances, and by pourtraying the native character of the human mind in all the various situations and accidents to which man is liable. It is true, indeed, many great events in France, many wars, have originated from no other causes than the senseless caprice of a prostitute, or the ogle of a royal mistress. Yet even this is matter of applause for French writers of history, as it furnishes them with subjects for episodes on the charms of female beauty, in their poetico-romantic stories. It is their grand object, and even Mably recommends the practice, to present their readers, not with that connected view of facts, which would enable them to ascend to the causes of actions, and motives of the agents, but with a *Tableau Historique*—an historical view, in which the painter introduces only such objects as may be agreeable to the eye, and those only in such attitudes as may best answer his national prejudices, his private views, or the caprice of the age in which he writes. This must be particularly evident to those who have turned over even a few of their huge folios of provincial histories, such as those of Languedoc, Guyenne, Bourdeaux, Bretagne, Poitiers, &c. The false sentiments of morality inculcated by these writers are no less objectionable. Thus, Bougeant recommends cunning and treachery as indispensable to an able negotiator, and Mably advises the historian always to flatter the self-love of his readers. Their misapplications of certain maxims of Horace are of the same character; who but Frenchmen would say, *omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci*, and in the next sentence add, *historia* QUOQUO MODO SCRIPTA *delectat?* Boileau has also furnished them with an apology for their fulsome eulogies:

> Il n'est point de serpent ni de monstre odieux,
> Qui par l'art imité ne puisse plaire aux yeux.

The work before us indeed unites both ancient and modern errors, to form a tissue of exaggeration rarely or never equalled.

Why M. Allent has substituted the word *histoire* for *eloge*,

we know not; but we know that his work has not the slightest resemblance to a history. It is merely an *eloge militaire*, that includes very little more than the military life of Lewis XIV. for which he is indebted principally to Quincy, and some few others of the numerous historians of that monarch. Poor Voltaire indeed is seldom honoured with a quotation, and when he is, it is only to find an opportunity of abusing him for detracting from the glory of Lewis XIV. and the honour of his nation.

Of the spirit of the work, the author has himself informed us; and in his preface, he says, that in this history he has not omitted any of the more illustrious and decisive exploits. 'I have searched,' says he, 'the glorious actions with more zeal than the faults. If there are some errors that I have not been able to disguise, because it concerns us to avoid them in future, I have exposed them without exaggerating their injuries, without omitting any thing whatever that could diminish them; in a word, without offending against justice and moderation.' From the former of these declarations, we have not perceived that he has once deviated; and we have been not a little entertained by the address he displays on every occasion of placing objects in the most advantageous point of view. He is indeed a true man-milliner, who can treat historical facts with the same graceful address that those epicene animals can represent what is becoming or elegant to their fair customers. The numerous defeats of Lewis XIV. and his loss of all Flanders, are subjects which serve M. Allent with ample matter for eulogy on the genius, military prowess, and unparalleled heroism of that monarch, Vauban, and the French armies; and the death of hundreds, and loss of a fortification, are nothing compared to the opportunity for glory on retaking it.

This massy volume commences with a brief sketch of the discovery of gunpowder in the thirteenth century, whence the era of modern fortification is dated, and with an account of the different implements of war then in use in France. This discovery is admitted to have been made by Roger Bacon, although perhaps long previously known to the Chinese. Of the revolution effected in the military art by the use of gunpowder, and of the military manœuvres from that period till the death of Mazarine, we have only a meagre outline, comprised in forty-eight pages. Mazarine, who died after making peace in 1661, is thus characterized: 'An indifferent and avaricious administrator, but an able negotiator; as a minister, timid, adroit, and supple; yet alone, a stranger, the object of hatred and ridicule, and justly dis-

graced for his avarice, he triumphed over his enemies by opposing to their great names, to their superior talents, to the public favour with which they were invested, abilities inferior indeed, but supported by a spirit of management, of unity of views, and of perseverance, of which they were destitute. The very opposite and equally erroneous character of his successor will shew something of the author's 'management,' in pencilling an outline that will not offend his employers.

'It has been seen with what consequence, grandeur, and wisdom, Colbert conducted the administration of the public works. That was his least title to glory; and if the long misfortune of Fouquet is a blot on the memory of his successor, if the operations of Colbert, like those of Sully, savour of the errors of the times, when the true principles of political economy were not all known, Louis XIV. had to regret a man fertile in resources, who almost always sought, and often found them, in the developement of the riches of the kingdom; an able and industrious minister, anxious for the public glory; and who most of all possessed the art of knowing, and of managing men, and of uniting their self-love and their interest with the interests and the grandeur of the state; who, in short, knew in all the parts of his vast administration how to honour probity, order, economy, and thereby find the means of being prodigal in what tended to the splendour or the prosperity of France. Literature and the sciences wept for their Mæcenas, and they will for ever lament the just and delicate feeling with which this great minister protected the arts which he had not cultivated, and knew every where how to discover merit, and to draw down upon it the attention and favours of the prince.'

Vauban was the subject designed to be particularly honoured in this work, but it is often difficult to determine whether he or the king is best entitled to, or receives most of this engineer's panegyric. In his panoramic view of the military achievements of that reign, both characters are placed in front of the battle, in which to use his own rant, '*l'art et le courage sortirent des regles pour enchainer la fortune!!*' From such rhodomontade we have been able to collect but little information respecting the real life, character, or manners of that most able engineer. From Fontenelle's eulogy of Vauban and Linguet on the canals of Picardy, the following exhibition is compiled.

'Sebastian Leprestre de Vauban was born in 1633, and died in 1707; "the most honest man," said the Duke of St. Simon; "and perhaps the most virtuous of his age; and with the reputation of the most learned in the art of sieges and fortification, the most unaffected withal, the most sincere, and the most modest." This art in his hands became almost a new science: fifty fortresses that he be-

sieged; thirty places that he built; all those on the frontiers that he perfected; so many ports and canals constructed or projected; so many writings full of useful and original views; the institution of engineers, and the principles of honour on which he founded their service; his works, his actions, his remarkable expressions; and in a word, his entire life, attest the greatness of his soul and his genius. The greater part of the illustrious men, his contemporaries, have transmitted to us his features and painted his character. He was of a middle stature, his body robust and hardened by fatigue; his exterior rude and strictly military. Such external appearances announce a man harsh and inflexible; he was nothing less, said M. St. Simon. Never was man more mild, more compassionate, more obliging. In his portrait we find that mixture of severity, of goodness of heart and of grandeur that characterizes his mind and his physiognomy. Loaded with benefits from the king, he succoured those officers who could with difficulty support themselves in the service; his excursions, his researches, and his works, absorbed the remainder, and he had the glory of leaving but a moderate fortune. The engineers mourned for him, not only as their chief, but as their father and their friend; if, in his relations with them, faults prejudicial to the service altered at times the evenness of his temper, much more frequently were his goodness and his indulgence alone conspicuous. He was seen until his last days, occupied in forming, producing, and defending them; in his instructions, placing himself on a level with the youngest officer; encouraging genius, rendering valuable all services, and too great to fear the elevation of others. Prodigal of his own blood, he was sparing of that of the soldiers, and the most anxious preserver of men in the exercise of an art invented to destroy them. The glory and the happiness of France were his only passions; nothing equalled his affection for Louis XIV. nor his courage in telling him the truth; Louvois, whom he loved as his protector, the imperious Louvois endured this importunate frankness. Such was Vauban, the first of engineers, the best of citizens; in a word, a Roman, whom it appeared that the age of Louis XIV. had wrested from the happiest times of that republic.'

The engineer next to Vauban was John Count de Mesgrigny. He was born in 1629, and died in 1720, after seventy-two years of service. He instituted the corps of miners, and adopted the system of counter-mines at Tournay. After the surrender of that place, of which he was governor, it is confessed that he entered the service of the allies, and remained in that citadel till his death.

Nearly one hundred pages at the end of this first part are occupied with remarks, or rather historical notes to the text, that contain detached extracts and notices on the different implements of war that have been used since the discovery of gunpowder. There are also some observations

on the history of the canal of Languedoc, in which the author's complaisance to his brother legionary, Andreossy, is marked with uncommon courtesy, and he has not ventured, even in obedience to his own conviction, and the unequivocal testimony of original documents, either to reject or adopt the vain declamation of that author, in falsely assuming to his grandfather the merit of such a project. We have in our last Appendix noticed this modern controversy. The remarks on Vauban and his works contain some additional particulars of his life and writings. There is reason to believe that Vauban, like Racine, died of grief at having displeased the king, and being deprived of some emoluments, and the miscarriage of his project of the *Dixme royale*. Such treatment to a brave and faithful servant, was worthy the weak and bigotted Louis XIV. Among his writings are three memoirs and some letters on the re-establishment of the edict of Nantz, and on the necessity of religious toleration; which were perhaps the cause of the king's anger and revenge. He also wrote on statistics and commerce. His works on military affairs are divided into eighteen articles; those which are miscellaneous, or civil and commercial, into seven.

The temporary motives of this work are obvious. Those who are acquainted with the works of the holy fathers, Anselme and Daniel, our author's principal authorities, will know what degree of credit should be attached to such a history, which may be justly placed on the same shelf with the memoirs of the famous constable of France, de Guesclin. It is indeed precisely such a history of the corps of engineers, as the work of Cervantes is of chivalry; excepting that truth and fidelity of representation are in favour of the latter.

ART. IX.—*Considerations sur la Guerre, &c.*

Thoughts on War, and particularly on the late War. By G. Latrille, formerly Chef de Brigade. 8vo. Paris. 1805. Imported by Deconchy.

THE author of this work, unlike his countryman M. Laverne, sets out with saying that war is an evil inherent in the nature of our species, of which we can never hope to see an end. We differed from M. Laverne in his notion of putting a stop to this dreadful scourge. But neither will we assent to the proposition of M. Latrille; we do trust, that the period, however remote it may at present seem, will one day come, when war shall cease in all the world, and mankind shall forsake

the lust of destruction for the arts of peace. If christianity be an increasing good, if its principles, which are so well accommodated to the social propensities of man, be gradually and slowly but certainly progressive, such a period must finally arrive. We all know that there are many individuals in whose bosoms the spirit of christianity is vitally operative, who are superior to envy, malice, revenge, and all the baser and more violent passions in which the essence of war will be ultimately found to reside, and which are the source of so much ravage and so much suffering in the world. Now, as nations are only collections of individuals, and as we trust that the number of persons who are warmed by that spirit, and guided in their conduct by those precepts of benevolence which is the distinguishing characteristic of the christian doctrine, is continually increasing, the spirit and the precepts of this benevolence must at last become the rules by which not only particular individuals, but nations, will be directed in their intercourse with each other. Wars will then cease, because that which now so largely furnishes fuel for the destructive flame, will be extinguished. It may be said, that this is only a visionary hope, or that it is speculating on a good too remote ever to be an object of joyful anticipation; but if the principles of the christian religion be gradually though almost imperceptibly spreading their influence over the world, the event is certain, though the time when it will happen cannot be ascertained. The mere consciousness of such a truth is cheering to the mind, and tends to infuse into it sensations of serenity and joy in that era of calamity and dissension in which we are living; while the contrary supposition, that war is an evil radically inherent in the present constitution of the world, and consequently for ever irremediable, tends not only to damp the zeal of philanthropy and the ardour of philanthropists, but to spread a sort of deep and terrifying gloom over the future hopes and the happier prospects of humanity. If the governors of nations, like the author of this work, think that a state of durable peace is an impossible attainment, they will make no efforts to attain it. Their minds will be for ever wholly engrossed with schemes of ambition, plans of conquest, and preparations for war; and they will easily be led to look upon the devastation which they occasion, rather as a virtue than a crime. But if they consider war, as it certainly appears, only as a forced and unnatural state, and peace as the state most congenial to the nature of social man, if they regard such a state as the injunction of the deity, and as the designed fruit of that blessed doctrine which he communicated

to mankind, they will not only be led morally to loath, and, as far as possible, conscientiously to shun the horrors and atrocities of war, but they will do all in their power to promote the interests, and preserve the continuance of peace.

It may seem at first sight of little practical consequence what are the speculative principles which men adopt, what are the theories which they cherish, or the abstractions to which they cling: but when we consider that speculation leads to action, that theories tend to practice, and that inward abstractions are soon beheld in outward realities, the matter is not one of small or trivial consideration. It will be found of no small moment to the happiness of mankind whether a statesman adopts the principles of St. Pierre, or of Hobbes, whether he believes in the possibilities of a perpetual peace, or whether he thinks man constitutionally fitted for eternal war.

Like a true disciple of Bonaparte, the author of these considerations inveighs most bitterly against the maritime domination of the English. Our wealth and the influence which our commerce naturally gives us in every part of the globe, are the objects of his most furious reproach; and he accuses us rather than his own country, of menacing the independence of Europe, of brandishing the torch of discord over the continent, and of lavishing our money to produce corruption, treason, and crimes. These are only vague and general charges, of which no proof is adduced, and which it would indeed be no easy matter to prove. But in times like the present, when the safety of every nation in Europe is menaced, and when so many nations are at this moment crushed almost to powder by the overgrown tyranny of France, it may not be improper or unseasonable to ask what would be the fate of the world, or where, on any part of the globe, any thing like national independence would long be suffered to exist, if France were as powerful by sea as she is by land; and if the inordinate ambition which inflames her armies on land, were to accompany her ships on the ocean? Surely, if the other nations of the world were asked to which they would rather that the sovereignty of the seas should belong, to France or to England, they could not, if they were at all wise and provident of their own security and happiness, hesitate for a moment to decide. Is it at all likely that they would give the preference to that nation which, in all its public transactions, seems to set aside all the hitherto established distinctions of right and wrong, and to discard all considerations of morality? a nation which acknowledges no restraint on its conduct, and sets no

bounds to its rapacity? Would they not rather that the attributes of maritime sovereignty, and the supremacy of commerce, should continue in the possession of that people who are universally characterized in their intercourse with other states, and in all their commercial relations, by a respect for the principles of justice and humanity? If other nations understood their own interest so well as they ought, they would not calmly look on and see the sceptre of the ocean wrested from the hands of England to be placed in those of France. England is at this moment the only barrier in the world against the encroaching spirit of French ambition. Wherever that ambition can operate upon the continent, there liberty, security, and happiness have vanished before its grasp, and it is only the navy of England which prevents its incursions upon the ocean, and the extension of its ravage from pole to pole.

We have thought it right to say thus much as a sort of antidote to some remarks which will be found in the work before us. The author seems anxious to maintain the military spirit of the French, and to prevent it from being diminished in a period of peace; hence he strongly recommends that, even when in a state of peace, the troops should never be suffered to languish in inaction, that they should be kept in constant exercise, and inured to all the rigours and fatigues of war. His chapters on the education of a soldier tend principally to enforce the necessity of this favourite position. It must be confessed that, if France in a state of peace should thus cherish and inflame the warlike spirit of her citizens, if she should thus be constantly prepared for hostilities any moment in which she might think it expedient to engage in them, no peace is ever likely to be lasting with a country so intent on war. Any interval of peace, which she might concede to her neighbours, must be only a short breathing-time, preparatory to a more furious renewal of the conflict. And if the military and warlike, rather than the civil and pacific spirit, be thus constantly cherished and supported by the French government, other governments must from the mere desire of self-preservation, pay a proportionate attention to their military establishments. They must be perpetually suspicious of the designs, and incessantly preparing against the probable hostilities of France; and it is easy to conjecture, what a pernicious effect this must have on the manners and customs, on the wealth and industry of those states who are subject to this cruel necessity, and exposed to the inroads of this ever to be dreaded enemy.

The cultivation of literature and science is recommended to

persons of the military profession, and in this we heartily agree with the author of these Considerations. For literature and science not only afford a very agreeable, and very instructive way of filling up that time which officers so frequently devote to the vacuity of idleness or the activity of an unprincipled and ruinous debauchery, but they soften the manners, exalt the sentiments, and purify the heart. And besides, the more the intellect of a soldier is cultivated, the better officer is he likely to make, the more acuteness and comprehension he is likely to discover; the more capable is he likely to be of conciliating the affections of his men, of inspiring confidence and exerting enthusiasm, on which in all military operations so much depends.

War is said to have become more difficult and ruinous than formerly, owing to the prodigious multiplication of troops. The author thinks that the only remedy is as much as possible to compress and narrow the sphere of action, to engage no more than can be avoided by detachments, and thus to keep the great mass of force always united, which, whenever it is brought into action, may act with energy and effect. A large army is often cut to pieces by piece-meal, which would perhaps have borne down all resistance if its force had been kept concentrated, and its numbers condensed in one compact body. It was to this practice of attacking always rather in large masses than in fractional parts, that Bonaparte owed so much of his success in Italy.

In the conduct of war, the author is a strenuous advocate for rapidity and audacity in all its operations. This he illustrates by examples, and gives a succinct but animated sketch of Bonaparte's campaigns in Italy. Bonaparte a good deal resembles Cæsar in the vigorous and unwearied impetuosity with which he seems to execute whatever he undertakes:

> Nil actum reputans si quid superesset agendum.

He is all ardour and activity; and the obstacles which may be thrown in his way by casualties or the reverses of fortune, seem only to increase his strength and to multiply his resources. This discovers a mind of more than common firmness and capacity. In Italy, when he seemed more than once on the brink of destruction, and in circumstances in which his enemies thought that they had completely invested him in their toils, he soon repaired his disasters, and snatched the victory out of their hands, by the vigour and promptitude of his measures. In the majority of cases it will certainly be found that in war, audacity is preferable to

circumspection. He who will not move a step without securing himself at every point, and guarding against every failure, is almost sure to let the right season for action escape him, and to be overcome when he least expects it, by his less cautious adversary. The noble daring, which approaches even to the verge of rashness, generates confidence and inspires enthusiasm; while a more timid and wary conduct produces despondency and distrust.

The discipline of the French army, though it was almost entirely destroyed in the first year of the revolution, is at present much more strict than it was in the period of the monarchy.

'If any thing (says the author) can weaken it, it is the idleness of the soldiers and officers during peace. This, we cannot too often repeat it, is the bane of all the military virtues. I remember to have observed, at the time when the want of discipline was at its height, it was still preserved in the corps of artillery; and this part of the army has not only been always distinguished by a greater degree of subordination, but by the regularity of their manners and a kind of dignity in their carriage. Now, how can you account for this, except from the active and studious life which these troops lead at all times?'

Nothing can be more true than that a state has a right to the service of all its members. The plan of the military conscription in France, and of the militia in England, is founded on this principle; and it would perhaps be better if our regular troops were raised in the same way. But then it would be necessary that the service should not be for life, but only for a limited time. In France the period of military service is restricted to five years. And there can be little doubt, but that if, in England, the time of service in the regulars was limited, not only the common mode of recruiting might be abolished, but that the regular army would never be without its full complement of men, and a military spirit, which seems essential to our very existence, while France has continually on foot such myriads of troops, ready at any moment to be vomited on our shores, would soon be more generally diffused among us. Desertion would be more rare; and thousands, who shrink with horror from the idea of becoming soldiers for life, would cheerfully engage in the service for a limited period, after which they might return, if they pleased, to their families and their homes.

The author thinks cavalry rather an useful appendage to, than the essential constituent of an army. Cavalry cannot, like infantry, act at all times and in all places, though they are serviceable in exploring a country, in pursuing a scatter-

ed and flying enemy, in harassing his march, intercepting his convoys, in covering a retreat, &c.; but it is well remarked, that that nation which has the best infantry, will finally master all the rest. Bonaparte seems to have paid particular attention to his infantry, and to consider them as the great bulwark of his military power. The French infantry is perhaps at this moment the best in the world; and other nations, who are menaced by the overgrown power of France, would do well to endeavour to bring their infantry to the same perfection.

The use of large guns among land forces has become much less frequent than formerly, and except in the besieging and defending of some particular positions, will perhaps in time be entirely superseded. The musket and the bayonet are by far the most efficacious weapons of modern warfare. The Swedes were the first who employed light cannon in their armies. Their example was afterwards followed by the Russians, the Austrians, and the French. The Prussians afterwards invented a horse artillery, which, says the author, was more readily brought into use among the French, as it is better suited to their natural impetuosity. This is the only species of artillery which is at present employed with any efficacy in the field.

Fortified places are not in much esteem with M. Latrille. They do indeed serve to retard the progress of an army; but do they not tend to depress the courage of a people? That nation which trusts its protection either to walls of stone or to ramparts of earth, will not long be able to maintain its independence against an invading enemy. The best and most certain defence of any people is the personal bravery of its inhabitants. Where this is wanting nothing can supply its place. Fortifications may accidentally come in the aid of courage, but they will always be found a fallacious and perilous substitute for this all-important attribute of every people that aspires to independence or wishes to live free. Fortified places require a great number of troops to garrison them; and it may be doubted whether these troops might not be employed with more advantage in the field. Fortified places neither repel an invader nor prevent invasion. All the fortresses in Italy were surrendered after the battle of Marengo; and it is well said that such a battle was as good as twelve sieges. If the allied armies at the beginning of the last war, instead of wasting their time in the sieges of Valenciennes, Condé, &c. had penetrated directly into France, it is probable that a new and more favourable turn would have been given to the war. The French would at that time

have been beaten in the field; and those very fortresses, which it caused such an effusion of blood and such a waste of precious time to capture, would probably have been finally reduced without a blow.

The author thinks that the only means which the French have of balancing our superiority by sea is by preserving their superiority on the continent. Hence he seems to imagine that France may accelerate our destruction by shutting us out of the European markets; and that time and the force of circumstances will eventually finish the catastrophe of our greatness. We trust that his views of the subject are unjust, and that his predictions will fail. While we preserve our superiority of capital and machinery, no restrictions whatever which the cabinet of Bonaparte can devise, can long prevent the introduction of our manufactures into the markets of the continent. By some channel or other more or less circuitous, they will find their way, and tyranny must at last connive at what it cannot prevent. While our commerce continues at its present pitch of greatness, our navy will flourish too. That country which has the largest commerce will always have the greatest navy. One supports the other; and the destruction of the first must prove ruinous to the last. That England may not hereafter meet with the fate which has befallen Tyre, Carthage, Athens, Venice, Genoa, Pisa, and other states which were once so powerful on the ocean, is not impossible; but we trust that the causes which hastened their decline and produced their destruction, are not operative here; and that there are among us causes of counteraction which were wanting among them. If England ever should lose her present maritime ascendancy, and that ascendancy should be transferred to France, who is already so irresistible by land, and whose ambition and whose outrages seem subject to none of those moral restraints which have ever actuated the people and the government of this country, alas! not only for the liberties of Europe, but for the peace, the security, and industry of the world. If France had the means, it is more than probable that she would exercise the same injustice, and carry on the same schemes of rapine and devastation on the ocean as she has upon the continent. England is the only power in the world which seems at present to set any bounds to the all-domineering aggrandizement of France, and in any degree to check the career of her inordinate rapacity and her unprincipled despotism.

We shall offer no more remarks on the reflections or views of this author, but shall conclude with stating that he often ex-

presses himself with precision, and thinks with energy; and that there are many observations in his work which deserve the serious consideration of those to whom is entrusted the superintendance of the army and the safety of the state.

ART. X.—*Vie de Madame Louise de France, &c.*

Life of Madame Louisa, a Carmelite Nun, and Daughter of Louis XV. By the Abbé Proyart. 2 *Vols.* 8*vo.* Lyons. 1805. Imported by Deconchy.

OF all virtues, perhaps, the most difficult in its acquisition, the most exalted in its nature, and the most beneficial in its influence, is that charitable temperance in religion, which blends zeal with philanthropy; which, without being indifferent to truth, can find excuses for those who are in error; and which, while it strenuously labours to promote that system which appears to itself the wisest and the best, knows how to extend the hand of brotherhood to all. Few sects of religion make any scruple of professing their charity to other sects, in words: but the true spirit of christianity requires something more; it demands the fruits of this charity in deeds, nay, even in thoughts; it demands 'that incense of the heart, whose fragrance smells to heaven;' it demands, that, in estimating the conduct and character of those who are attached to a different form of religion from our own, we make ample allowances for the prejudices instilled in early youth, and that, in appreciating the purity of their motives to any action, we place ourselves as much as possible in their situations; always considering that the same person who is now in a monastery, kissing relics, and counting beads, and bowing before the images of saints, might, if born on the other side of a river, or mountain, have been prostrating himself in pure homage before the Author of Being, or diffusing happiness around him in all the tender relations of father, son, and brother. These are trite sentiments, we confess, but they are such as cannot be too often repeated, and they were strongly suggested to our minds during the perusal of the present work, where we have the memoirs of a person of distinguished birth, in the justice of whose principles though we cannot acquiesce, yet whose resolution and spirit in acting up to those principles, abstractedly considered, we cannot but admire.

Madame Louisa Maria, daughter of Louis XV. and of Maria his consort, was born at Versailles, July 15, 1737. She received her education from infancy in the abbey of Fontevrault under the care of Mad. Soutlanges, from whose in-

formation chiefly the memoirs of the earlier part of her life are derived. In the year 1770, after many years' anxious wishes to retire to some convent, she wrote at last to her royal father to intreat his permission to take the veil; to which request the king, not without some reluctance, sent the following answer by her confessor:

Versailles, Feb. 20, 1770.

'The Archbishop, my dear daughter, having given me an account of all you have said to him, both by word of mouth, and by letters, will, I dare say, faithfully report to you all that I have said in answer. Were it for God's sake only, I can never bring myself to oppose either his will or your determination. You must have been making your reflections on the subject for the last eighteen years: it would therefore be unfair to require of you, to deliberate farther. It appears that you have even been concerting your arrangements. You can speak of them to your sisters, whenever you shall judge proper. Compiegne must not be your choice: with this exception, it is yours to decide upon a situation, and I should be sorry to prescribe any farther limitations. The sacrifice I have made has cost me some violent struggles: the rest shall be entirely voluntary on your part. God will supply you with strength to support your new condition: for, remember, when once the step is taken, it is too late to retreat. I salute you most affectionately, my dear child, and I give you my blessing.

'Louis.'

Accordingly Mad. Louisa made choice of a poor convent of Carmelite nuns, one of the most rigid orders, established at St. Denis, where she soon signalized herself by the strictest observance of her rules. The furniture of her cell, like those of her sisters, consisted solely of three planks supported on trestles by the way of bedstead, a quilted straw-mattress, a table, a chair, and a crucifix. For linen she wore serge, and for vestments coarse woollen-cloth. Her nourishment, a measured allowance of homely mess: eight months of fasting every year: seven hours each day devoted to the choir: and the rest of her time spent in hard work, mortifications, privations, silence, and prayer—such (according to her biographer) were the delights of Madame Louise de France, now self-humbled into La Sœur Thérese de St. Augustin! She had not taken the veil and her vows long before she was preferred to the office of mistress of the noviciates, and soon after was chosen abbess of her convent, in both which offices her conduct was exemplary for humility, regularity, and tenderness to the companions of her retirement. Indeed, if the portrait of her character here given be correct, she seems to have united the amiableness of an affectionate mother of a family, with the austerities of a

devotee. She died with fortitude and resignation, Dec. 23, 1787, 'a loss (says her zealous biographer) to religion and the state, which may be regarded as the last forerunner of that deluge of calamities which ever since that period has been poured down in torrents on all quarters of the French empire.' We have forgotten to mention one very favourable trait: In the troubles which expelled the nuns from their retreats in the Low Countries, she exerted herself to afford them a refuge in her own convent, begging only as a recompense, to transfer thither also the bodies of the saints which they had left behind them.

The account of one of Mad. Louisa's preparations for entering a convent, we could not read without a smile. It seems she had an antipathy to the smell of tallow, and, learning while at court that nothing else was used in convents, she determined to conquer this dislike betimes. 'She employed, therefore, a good woman unaccustomed to her service, and incapable of suspecting her design, to procure her some candles, and every evening, when the company was retired, she substituted these for her wax taper. All she could do for some days, was to endure the smell of her apartment: by degrees she began to handle them for a few minutes; then for a longer time; until by habit she had rendered herself indifferent to the use of wax or tallow.' Alas! that even we should live to recount so great an instance of self-denial, by the light of two humble mould candles!

Neither could we suppress a smile at the following anecdote:

'Mad. Louisa, who was *in no respect credulous*, had mentioned in confidence to many of her friends the presentiment, which, in spite of herself, she entertained, that she should die towards her fiftieth year; because the term of her days had been fixed to this epoch by a man remarkable for his piety. She used to relate the fact herself as follows: One day that the Bishop of Langres, M. de Montmorin, was at court, she said to him, "To-day, Sir, I am turned of twenty-five."—"Well, madam," replied the prelate without hesitation, "you have now lived half your days." This language was not that of a courtier, but rather, as the event proved, of a prophet. Mad. Louisa died at the age of fifty.'

We cannot pass by the following anecdote of the unfortunate Louis XVI. whose fate has reversed the sentence of Horace:

Quicquid delirant reges, plectuntur Achivi.

'When Louis XV. was on his death-bed, the pious princess sent him a crucifix which had been presented to her by the pope, and to

which, it seems, were attached certain indulgences *in articulo mortis*. Louis XVI. the nephew of Madame Louisa, soon after the decease of his predecessor, writes to her thus: 'Plunged as we all are in grief, I could not write to you yesterday: it was a shocking moment. But the blessings which God conferred upon him are very consolatory. He died holding a crucifix in his hand, and joined in the prayers which were put up for him.'

The Abbé Proyart, the author of these volumes, has before appeared as the biographer of the Queen and Dauphin, the mother and brother of Mad. Louisa, and as a writer of memoirs is certainly possessed of a respectable portion of merit. But we felt more than once inclined to apply to his present work the remark which he informs us (VOL. I. P. 144,) Louis XV. made upon the pope's brief addressed to the princess upon her consecration,—'Bien beau, mais un peu long,' very fine, but rather long. We will venture to assert that the matter contained in these two volumes might with great ease and advantage have been compressed into one-third of its present bulk, by merely pruning redundancies, repetitions, and circumstantial details of trifling occurrences. The life of a nun must necessarily be monotonou, and it would at any rate require considerable art to enliven and diversify it. But instead of this, we are perpetually obliged to turn aside, like the parasite in the play, and groan to ourselves, 'Jam millies audivi.' The strain of panegyric, also, continued through so many pages, and the accumulation of praises upon a character 'nullo *vitio* redemptum,' is to a critic of human nature very soporiferous. Towards the conclusion of his work, the good Abbé pleads seriously for the canonization of the princess, against which we beg leave to enter our protest, until it can be proved satisfactorily that she entirely overcame her aversion to tallow candles.

'The high notions entertained of Madame Louisa's sainthood, and the confidence in her *credit with God*, (we translate literally!) are not concentrated within the narrow precincts of the monastery which she edified. Many letters and circumstantial narratives from various parts of France, from Paris, &c. &c. inform us of the cures of several sick persons who had been declared incurable, and attest that they were the immediate consequences of vows addressed to the holy Carmelite. Not having been witnesses of the facts ourselves, and not being able to answer for more than the general integrity and veracity of the reporters of them, we cannot say how far they might sustain the *severe scrutiny* established at Rome for the confirmation of miracles. But thus much appears to us incontestible, that it is neither rash to implore blessings from heaven, nor surprizing that when implored they should be obtained,

by the intercession of her whose whole life was a series of miraculous virtues, and whose death was that of a martyr.'

Credat—but no! we will remember the remarks with which we set out, and forbear to treat with ridicule any thing which bears the remotest alliance with religion 'pure and undefiled.'

With such different sentiments on the subject of religion from those of the Abbé, it will not be wondered at that we can acquiesce in few of his opinions delivered in this work. He sets out with bewailing the abolition of monasteries, and with prayers for their re-establishment. We lament, as much as he can do, the manner in which, and the motives with which, this was done. But we can go no farther. 'I do not wonder (said Dr. Johnson once in conversation) that where monastic life, is permitted, every order finds votaries, and every monastery inhabitants. Men will submit to any rule by which they may be exempted from the tyranny of caprice and chance. They are glad to supply by external authority their own want of resolution, and court the government of others, when long experience has convinced them of their own inability to govern themselves.' This way of accounting for the motives which have urged so many to seek a monastic life by ranking them among those pious seceders from the world, 'who, where 'tis hard to conquer, learn to fly,' is more charitable than just. The true reason seems to have been the custom of sending children to receive their first principles of education in the gloom of a monastery, where care is taken that every object around them should, from the very cradle, have a tendency to inspire the belief that the most sure and acceptable service that can be offered to heaven is to tear themselves from the bosom of their kindred, and to devote their whole lives by an irrevocable vow to celibacy and mortification. Nothing certainly can be more opposite to the spirit, and even the letter of that book to which we all appeal, which enjoins us to let our light shine *before men*, which holds forth as the model of perfection, one who *went about* doing good, and where even to those first propagators of christianity who were required to give up every thing for their master's sake, celibacy was not absolutely enjoined, but only recommended with an exception which, as no man can say it shall not be applicable to his own case, no man can conscientiously make the subject of a vow. Mad. Louisa is represented in many strong antithetical expressions as quitting a palace for a convent, a court for a cloister, the purple robes of royalty for sackcloth and ashes, the pleasures of Versailles for the

austerities of Carmel. And taking into consideration her notions of duty, we wish not to detract from the piety of her motives. At the same time the tenor of her life clearly shews that it was the series of impressions which she received in her monastic education, rather than the apprehension of betraying her duties by an intercourse with the world, which operated to fix her resolution. Had she been brought up with more enlarged ideas of the infinite superiority of internal purity to external forms, and of the paramount value of those virtues which arise from the relations naturally attendant on a state of society, and therefore themselves likewise natural to man, she might then perhaps have exclaimed with the wise heathen,

Hæc cedo ut admoveam templis, et farre litabo.

Some letters and short pious effusions of Mad. Louisa are annexed to this second edition of the work. But they are of no great consequence, farther than as they confirm the draught of her character given in the memoirs.

ART. XI.—*Der Geist der Rechte des Menschen, &c.*

The Spirit of the Rights of Man, in Relation to the Necessities of the present Times. 8vo. Augsbourg. 1805.

THE author of this publication affixed the name of Woyda to a preceding one on the French revolution, and that work, together with his reflections on the great event, led him to a better knowledge, as he imagined, of man, and his rights. The latter topic has been unfortunately the cause of too much passion to meet with a hearty reception in the present day, and it is a great mistake to imagine that these rights, whether real or imaginary, are likely to be acquired by the overthrow of the political or social system of a country; that the form of a government is of much importance, when in fact every thing depends on the laws, and on the choice of proper men to fill public offices; and lastly, that the welfare or misery of the state depends on the acceptance or rejection of certain metaphysical propositions.

The actual rights of man, in his natural and social state, are the first objects of inquiry; and from their nature, it is deduced that, for our perfection, there must be a limitation of them in social life by the state. Religion is the first necessary article; but any religion, it is contended, is good, which binds men to morality, and thence to obey civil and political law. Among the forms of government, monarchy,

in its pure acceptation, is esteemed the best, since it is the oldest, the steadiest, and the strongest. Monarchy is grounded on the principle of right, and the subject who obeys the laws, need never fear that his property will be taken from him, or his domestic peace be destroyed. The history of monarchy does not allow us to accede to this proposition, yet where it is administered as in Denmark, it does not by any means appear that monarchy is in itself more hurtful to public happiness than any other form of government. Besides, the purer the morals of a people are, the less necessity is there for rigour in the government. Stripes and chains are for the base; the honest subject requires few laws.

The laws ought to be accommodated to the wants of a nation and the nature of the times, and the author seems to have justice on his side, when he declaims with great vehemence against a numerous assemblage of law-givers. The equality of man, so loudly preached up by some modern fanatics, is justly reprobated; and the only equality which can properly be claimed is the equality of laws, that every rank without any exception should be equally subject to them: the poor as well as the rich, the low as well as the high, every individual ought to rejoice equally in this protection, and equally to dread their censure. But opinion and the freedom of thought do not lie within their bounds, and ought not to be circumscribed by the state. The liberty of the press may indeed be limited according to the necessity of the times, but no farther than upon the ancient maxim, 'ne quid detrimenti capiat res publica.'—The unlimited liberty of the press may be like a two-edged sword in the hands of a madman.

The defence of the country from foreign enemies, and taxes for the support of government, are burdens which the subject must bear; and however imperfect our present constitutions may be, yet they are attended with so many advantages that no one would, if it were possible, remove himself from the chains of social, for the supposed freedom of savage life. It is to be understood, however, that these burdens are not made to contribute to idle expence and wasteful extravagance; and the author might here have found a much more powerful cause for the overthrow of the French government, than in the abuse of the freedom of the press. Imprisonment is the only punishment to be inflicted on offenders, even in cases of death. On the latter point we can by no means agree with him, though we must allow that the abuse of the punishment of death is a crying sin in some

states, and that there is great room for improvement in most countries in their code of criminal laws.

Our readers will from this sketch perceive, that our author has derived considerable knowledge from the events in which he has been a spectator, if not an actor, and will not be surprised that, in the midst of so many horrors, the dream of perpetual peace should possess his brain. The present state of man, the great ignorance of the bulk of society, the imperfect state of morality, and the little progress that the christian religion has made for some ages, forbid us to form very immediate expectations on this subject.

ART. XII.—*Universal Library, (concluded from our last Appendix, p.* 488.*)*

IN the prefatory observations to the review of this work in our last Appendix, were enumerated the obstacles which opposed themselves to all literary undertakings in Portugal; these, in conjunction with the war which now desolates Europe, the fatal effects of which are felt by every nation, and vibrate through every department, and all the ramifications of society, have not failed to operate in the present instance. This very respectable publication suffered a temporary suspension of several months; but the editor has recommenced his labours with renewed exertion, and undiminished merit.

The fourth, fifth, and sixth numbers have reached us since the publication of our last Appendix. Each of these contains a continuation of the Essay on Tragedy, the first part of which we have already noticed. But before our authors undertook to present the public with a laboured treatise on such a theme, they would have done well to inform themselves that there have been, and are other theatres in the world besides those of Paris and Athens, to which cities they have confined their dramatic lucubrations.

Although the Essay on Tragedy is scattered through three numbers of the Universal Library, in our review of this essay, we shall collectively consider the observations offered by our authors upon the subject; and the rather are we induced to this method of remark, because the essay is in itself the most important article in these numbers; as well as for the sake of giving more force to our own opinions, and placing those of the Portuguese in a clearer light.

The continuation of the Essay on Tragedy, chapter 10

and 11, displays at large the advantages of the modern theatrical system over that of the ancients; and includes also some observations upon costume and character.

'More fertile,' (say our authors,) 'more universal, and more moral than the stage of our ancestors, is that of our cotemporaries. It is more susceptible of the enchantment of representation, and more proper for the form of our theatres.'

But have our authors forgotten, that plays were not written for theatres, but theatres built for the representation of plays? The remarks on costume, or rather on character, are generally judicious, and might be useful in the management of the drama. The editor, however, seems not to have chosen his labourers equally well; some are first, and some are second-rate performers; an absurdity is often tacked to an acute piece of reasoning, in the various constituent parts of the Universal Library. All human works, however, must be imperfect, and those which are least so, are the best. This observation we have *hazarded*, as it accords in flatness, insipidity, and plagiarism, with many of the sentences of our authors.

They next proceed to expound the principles which ought to govern the dramatic writer in the conduct of his fable or plot. This part of the essay shews much acquaintance with theatrical authorities. Aristotle, with all his *canons*, is brought into the field, but the *great guns* of the moderns are represented as of heavier metal. Corneille is opposed to his elders, and the preference is of course given to the Frenchman. But the mode of argument here adopted may be considered as a fair specimen of the second-hand criticism of the French school. Our authors, in their chapters on Action and Exposition, attempt, like all weak judges, to found rules rather upon custom than upon the basis of nature. They then discuss the *necessary* divisions of a tragedy. It is here said 'that a tragedy ought to consist of 1500, or 1600 verses; of five acts, each of 300 verses; and that each ought not to have more than seven scenes.' Voltaire's death of Cæsar has, however, but three acts. Such mechanism has no doubt contributed to render the French plays so artificial and insipid.

In the succeeding chapter are examined the motives, 'why the ancient tragedy consists more in action than in words, and the modern, on the contrary, more in words than in action.' This is true of the French theatre; and is the reason which has rendered it so objectionable to the admirers of nature and simplicity. The motives, 'why tragedy speaks

always in verse among all the nations of the world,' are next considered, but the propriety of this custom is denied; and the effect produced in tender and terrible scenes is alleged not to be bound to the harmony of verses, but that we are affected by an impulse much stronger than that of melody. This objection, however applicable to the hopping jingle of rhymes in the French theatre, is founded on ignorance of the human passions, which, when not too violent to extinguish the voice, will always express themselves in measured cadences and melodies, which gave rise to and will eternize the use of verse in tragic representations. The fact is here demonstrated by an avowal of the truth, that verse is more easily understood and remembered than prose, and consequently must be *more congenial* to the human mind.

The 17th chapter of this long essay, treats of Theatrical Decorations; and as it is much the most judicious part, concludes the whole very forcibly. The preposterous rule of the French theatre, for representing the whole drama in the same hall, is happily censured; and the no less absurd costume of a criminal or malefactor, introduced with embroidered clothes and silver chains, as is usual on that stage, is justly and elegantly satirized.

Our own theatre is still in great want of improvement in this department, and we are in some instances guilty of the same absurdities that are censured on the continent, that is, of making Gustavus rise from the caverns of Dalecarlia covered with silk and ermine; or Pharasmanus, clothed in embroidered brocade, thus address the Roman ambassador: 'Nature, a stepmother in these horrible climes, does not produce gold, but iron and soldiers.'

With all the faults, however, of the English drama, may we not venture to assert that the productions of its authors are superior in effect to those of any nation that ever boasted a theatre? We cannot indeed display the magnificent spectacles which delighted the countless multitudes in the vast stages of Greece and Rome; but, on the other hand, the natural expression of the countenance is not lost in the gigantic mask; nor have we the absurdity of a modulated dialogue set to the notes of a pitchpipe to direct the voice; of a gesticulating and a pronouncing actor: we are not raised upon *cothurni*; and, above all, we have discarded that mob of confidants, the chorus. We have gained far more by our nearer approach to nature in our plays, than we have lost by curtailing the splendor of theatrical apparatus.

These advantages over the ancients are indeed common

to the French dramatic writers, as well as to our own—but other proofs of the superiority of the moderns are not so. They, who have studied to imitate the Grecian models in regularity of conduct; who are attentive to all the unities, and to all the decorums of sentiment and morality; whose style is, in general, elegant and poetical; they have never reached that fervour, strength, and natural language of passion, which the English authors in many glorious examples have attained; and which contradict the truth of Ovid's prophecy,

Nulla Sophocleo veniet jactura Cothurno.

There is generally too much conversation in the French plays, instead of action. They are too declamatory, as was before observed, when they should be passionate; too refined, when they should be simple.

Such is the opinion of no contemptible critic, Dr. Blair; and Voltaire himself freely acknowledges these defects of the French theatre. He admits, that their best tragedies do not make a sufficient impression on the heart; that the gallantry which reigns in them, and the long fine-spun dialogue with which they over-abound, frequently spread a languor over them; and very candidly gives it as his judgment, that an union of the vehemence and the action, which characterize the English drama, with the correctness and decorum of the French theatre, would be necessary to form a perfect tragedy. We doubt, however, the possibility of such an union—it is to join a dead body and a living one together. Before we return to our Portuguese authors, who do not, we think, sufficiently maintain the above sentiments of disapprobation with regard to the lifelessness of the French tragedy, we must just refer the curious reader to an admirable extract from a Latin poem by a Jesuit, entitled Templum Tragœdiæ, and quoted by Dr. Blair in his Lectures, vol. 3. page 324.

The characters of Corneille and Racine are most exquisitely drawn by this poetical critic, who, however, is guilty of some inaccuracies in style.

As we have broken in upon the order of the Universal Library, with a view to make the article on tragedy a connected essay, we have now to revert to No. 4—and to notice the minor subjects handled in that number, in the fifth, and in the sixth, the last which has reached us from the continent.

The fourth number contains the history of Panthea and Abradatus—Principles of Education—Universal History of Women continued—and an Essay on Hospitality.—The Principles of Education consist of 'maxims,' many of them

drawn from the Bible and other sources, for the respective conduct of life in both sexes, and in all capacities. Some of these excellent dogmas are peculiarly applicable to the renovation of Portuguese manners.

Though some parts of the advice to men and women made us smile, yet from the following specimen, our readers will perceive that there is a mixture of good sense with the ridiculous in the Portuguese Mentor.

'Man, treat thy spouse as a companion that thou oughtest to make happy; as a being necessary to thy felicity, and to that of thy children.'

We must stop here to tell a story about the word 'felicity.'

'A country clergyman, who was very fond of puzzling his audience with fine words, chose to assert to a friend, who expostulated with him upon this impropriety, that there was not an expression in his sermon on the last Sunday, which the whole congregation did not understand. "The word, *Felicity*," answered his friend—"Call your servant, and ask him what it means." John, who was one of the best informed men in the parish, being summoned, and interrogated, replied, "To be sure, your honor—some part of the inside of a pig, but I don't exactly know which."

To return from our digression.

'Man,' (continues the Portuguese,) '*above all*, remember that thou canst not live with satisfaction, should thy spouse be unhappy!'

'Woman, always consider *cleanliness* as a necessary means of being agreeable to thy husband; but, *above all*, employ docility for this end, as it is one of the most beautiful qualities of thy sex. To a taste for domestic occupations, and an unchangeable disposition—'

Here we must again interrupt the homely plainness of the Portuguese, with the more lively apostrophe of our countryman:

> Oh, blest with temper, whose unclouded ray
> Can make to-morrow cheerful as to-day;
> She who can love a sister's charms, and hear
> Sighs for a daughter with unwounded ear;
> Who never answers till her husband cools,
> And tho' she rules him, never shows she rules, &c. &c.

Had not this beautiful character been stigmatized by the ill-natured remark at the end,

> 'And mistress of herself, tho' china fall—

it would have been at least as perfect a model of an amiable

woman, as that with which our Lusitanianfriend has presented us.

'To an unchangeable disposition add,' (continues he rather whimsically,) 'persuasive eloquence, which springs from a tender heart, moderation, and candour, which are the most efficacious means of captivating the affections of a husband.'

The History of Women contains many judicious observations on the conduct and violent passions of Abraham's wives. It is by judging of the relative situations of both sexes, and by clearly appreciating the obligation of their peculiar duties in this manner, that the history of the Jews is likely to be rendered as useful and interesting as it ought to be to us in the present age.

The article on Hospitality consists principally of anecdotes of the sufferings, persecutions, and horrors, to which the French revolution has given existence, and which to the candid observer of men and manners will appear but little advantageous to the national character of Frenchmen.

The fifth number of the Universal Library is introduced by a fragment of history in the eastern manner, to illustrate the maxim, 'periculosum est credere, et *non* credere.'

The second article treats of the Dance. 'Song,' says the author, 'so natural to man, inspires those who hear it with movements and gestures relative to the different sounds of which it is composed.' For instance, the Messiah of Handel engenders in the heart of a Christian every sentiment of warm devotion; and at the performance of this Oratorio, we may see the uplifted eye, and the extended hand, in pious unison with the penetrating notes of the divine harmony. 'And he who is not touched with concord of sweet sounds—is fit for treasons.'

Such are the opinions of our Portuguese editor, not indeed applied to Handel, but most justly applicable to so great a master. We admire enthusiasm in the young and the old, and however exposed the Portuguese may be to the severity of ridicule for his *movements* and his *gestures* excited by music, we cannot withhold our confirmation of the truth of his opinion; for even dumb animals are affected in the most extraordinary manner by the power of melody. How much more then must man be sensible of its influence!

'Hence,' (continues the author,) 'as song, which was an exprest sion of sentiment, produced that action to which is given the name of dance, it may be concluded, that the voice and gesture are no more natural to the human species than the song and dance; and that the one and the other are, if we may venture to use so bold a metaphor, the instruments of the two arts which produce them.'

Since there have been men, there has been singing and dancing; they have danced and sung from the creation until the present hour, and it is very likely that they will dance and sing to the end of the world.

The sacred dance is the most ancient. It is that which the Hebrews practised in the solemn feasts established by law, or on the occasions of public joy to give thanks to God, to honour and to publish his praises.

In the primitive times they sang the beneficence of God, and united the dance with the song, more rapturously to express their heartfelt gratitude for being chosen as the peculiar people of the Almighty. Moses, after passing the Red Sea, returned thanks by music and dancing. Thus, the sacred dance, established among the Hebrews from time immemorial, from time, as Blackstone says, of which the memory of man runneth not to the contrary, passed to all the people of the earth, accompanied by imperfect notions of the divinity, and successively made among the Egyptians, Greeks, and Romans, the most considerable part of the worship of their false gods. The dance is still continued among the Christians of the Romish church. In the Protestant religion also we have a sect who jump, though they do not dance. And he who jumps highest is nearest Heaven. This is their creed, and let those who doubt the existence of such enthusiasts, travel only to South Wales.

Perhaps, as Englishmen, we may also be inclined to vindicate the superiority of this practice of our Protestant brethren over that of the Romish church. Jumping, though not so graceful an attestation of the sincere devotion of the heart, is a more active one; and duty, we are taught to believe, consists more in action than in theory.

When persecutions assailed the holy peace of Christians, they formed themselves into congregations of men and women (not to mention their αγαπαι, or love-feasts), and retired to the desert after the example of Therapeutas, or Robinson Crusoe. These faithful people assembled on the Sundays and saints' days in the villages, where they danced, piously singing the orisons of the church. The priests formed the sacred dances in honour of a God who died upon the cross for the salvation of all mankind, of a God resuscitated on the third day, to consummate the mystery of the redemption.

Each mystery, each feast, had its appropriate hymns and dances; the priests, the legates, all the faithful, danced in honour of God. The bishops, according to Scaliger, were called Præsules, *à præsulendo*, because they commenced the dance. At the Royal Circus in England (before it was burnt

down,) they had a most indecent custom of introducing a bishop, dancing, to marry Harlequin and Columbine at the conclusion of the pantomime of Paswan Oglou.

The most zealous Christians assembled on the vespers of the feasts before the doors of the church, when they danced, full of a holy fire, singing the songs, psalms, and hymns of the day.

When tranquillity succeeded to persecution, they built temples, and disposed these edifices in a manner that they should serve for the external worship which was then practised. Thus, in all the churches, was raised an elevated floor, to which was given the name of chorus or choir; it was a kind of theatre separated from the altar, such as is seen even now in Rome, in the churches of St. Clementi, St. Pancratius, and many others.

The above information we have collected and arranged from the Universal Library. But our pious readers will be shocked, when we assure those who have not turned their minds to the consideration of these fancifully religious subjects, that the dance, that mother of concupiscence and relic of savage manners, is still celebrated in all catholic countries, on the Sundays and saints' days, which constitute a fourth part of their time.

The author has enumerated and described the feast and funeral dances; those of the Lacedæmonians and Romans; the hymenæal dances; that of the 1st of May, still practised in Italy; the rustic, social, and theatrical dances; but he has omitted the Spanish dance with the castanets, alluded to by Juvenal, (Sat. 11th, line 162,) and with great propriety, that most scandalous of all gesticulations, the *Fandango*, which, to the disgrace of Spanish and Portuguese manners, is still suffered to exist.

To this full account of the dance, succeeds an essay on the Roman Legion, which is the model of Buonaparte's *Legion d'Honneur*, where La Croix, the Bourdeaux Prefect, so conspicuously figured, with his brand for perjury upon his shoulder. Some anecdotes on Ingratitude conclude the fifth number of the Universal Library.

The sixth number presents us with a very complete 'Treatise on the Game of the Bank," of which we should be more disposed to give an account, did we not know that many of our compatriots, both male and female, were elevès of the Parisian professors, during the cessation of hostilities, and that they have since shewn themselves worthy disciples of such masters in this noble science.

The Dutch account of the Poison Tree of Java, a most

ignoble memoir of the life of General Pichegru, and a History of the Troglodites, conclude this volume.—From the above review of its contents, our readers will perhaps be enabled to form some idea of the entertainment and information to be derived from a Portuguese periodical work, which the baleful influence of war has perhaps again destined to a temporary suspension. This is the more to be regretted, as, with the exception of the faults which we have fully noticed, the publication every where abounds with taste, good sense, the *spirit* of toleration, and practical morality.

We await with impatience the appearance of a volume on the Agricultural and Rural Economy of Portugal by the literary society of Abrantes, part of which we have already seen and approved.

ART. XIII.—*Memoires de M. le Baron de Besenval, &c.*

Memoirs of the Baron de Besenval, Lieutenant-General of the Armies of France, in the Reigns of Louis XV. and Louis XVI. Grand Cross of the Order of St. Louis, Lieutenant-Colonel of the Regiment of Swiss Guards, &c. Written by himself, and published by his Executor. Containing many Particulars and Anecdotes relative to the Court, the Ministers, and the Reigns of Louis XV. and Louis XVI. and to the Events of that Period. To which is prefixed a Life of the Author. 8vo. 3 *Vols.* Paris, 1805. Imported by Deconchy.

IN this Appendix to our Review, and elsewhere, we have had occasion to advert to the deficiency of the French in works of history, and to observe that their numerous *Memoires* serve occasionally as an amusing though an inadequate succedaneum for productions of greater historical importance. An account of the lives of a Turenne or a Richlieu, of men who have aggrandized their country by their councils, or rendered her illustrious by their arms, cannot fail to be productive of high interest and utility. Even the memoirs of the distinguished females who, in sharing the beds, have too often influenced the councils of monarchs, have claims on the attention of the moralist, philosopher, and politician, by evincing what great events spring from trivial causes, at the same time that they tend to develope hidden points in the history of nations, and to unfold important truths. But this remark will not hold good when applied to every major or captain who thinks proper to

introduce large octavo volumes into the world, filled with the details of his own unimportant life.

The motives which induce M. de Besenval and other gentlemen and ladies of similar insignificance, in this country as well as on the continent, to seize thus forcibly upon publicity, can only be imputed to the all-prevailing principle of vanity; a weakness, however, for which its universality may afford considerable excuse; for we by no means assent to the proposition that vanity is the characteristic of little minds. It is, on the contrary, one from which no age or sex, no order or description of individuals is exempt. If we turn our eyes to the great living characters, or those of recent notoriety, in our own country, it would neither be difficult to produce statesmen nor scholars, chiefs who have acquired renown in the profession of arms, orators who wield at will the judgment and consciences of jurymen, nor sages whose less ardent genius has taken refuge in the peaceful honors of the church, to substantiate the truth of our position. Superiority, real or supposed, whether founded on a basis of undisputed or of doubtful utility, is alike anxious for fame; and he who has grown great by electrifying a bottle, vindicates renown with no less presumption than the leader of armies or the favourite of the muses. Among the fair sex, to whom the right of vanity has ever been a chartered privilege, its manifestations are no less varied than its principle is universal. It is not only on rank or beauty that they build their pretensions to notoriety; and while the modesty of a Roman matron is the boast of some, those ladies who bear a greater affinity to the fair of Corinth than to those of the Roman republic, are no less anxious to extend the sphere and prolong the existence of their perishable infamy.

After their prototypes, the ladies, Frenchmen were of all others supposed to be the most distinguished by this weakness. We can, however, by no means congratulate our more solid countrymen on an exemption from it. To this the presses of London bear witness, from which so frequently issue memoirs, lives, and anecdotes of individuals of supposed importance, the production of their own pens. To such we would give a gentle hint, which is not unworthy of attention. The most salutary medicines are frequently unpleasing to the palate; and those who are oppressed by their own reputation will, perhaps, not be comforted by hearing that their cares are unnecessary. But the truth is, that no man is much regarded by the rest of the world. He that considers how little he dwells upon the

condition of others, will learn how little the attention of others is attracted by himself. While we see multitudes passing before us, of whom perhaps not one appears to deserve our notice, or excite our sympathy, we should remember, that we likewise are lost in the same throng; that the eye which happens to glance upon us, is turned in a moment on him that follows us; and that the utmost that we can reasonably hope or fear, is to fill a vacant hour with prattle, and be forgotten.

To return to M. de Besenval—of whom a life is prefixed to these volumes—whose name has probably reached the ears of but few of our readers, and with whom we shall not deem it necessary to make them much better acquainted. Like most other young noblemen in aristocratical countries, he entered early into the army, and made the campaign of 1748, as aide-de-camp to Marshal Broglio, during which he performed an exploit in the taking of a fort, which is detailed with great minuteness, but which any other ensign or lieutenant would have been ashamed not to do as well. This action, however, and his good fortune, introduced him to the notice of the then Duke of Orleans, by whose friendship he was afterwards distinguished.

Many instances are given of the beneficence and good-temper, and other amiable qualities of M. de Besenval, together with some palliatory accounts of his errors and imperfections; by none of which, however, does he appear to be distinguished from the tribes of ordinary men. Instead of filling three octavos, his life might fairly be comprized in as many sentences. "M. de Besenval was a French gentleman who entered early into the service, made several campaigns, rose to the rank of lieutenant-general, lived a bachelor and a profligate, and died in 1789."

But no, says Mr. Alexander Joseph Segur, his executor,

'The Baron de Besenval has left none but honourable memorials to posterity: the army thinks of him with esteem, the arts regret him, his family is proud of him, his friends will lament him for ever.'

Possest with these notions, Mr. Alexander Joseph Segur has thought proper to collect all the detached manuscripts which M. de Besenval had happened to leave in his port-folio, in the form of letters, or otherwise, and made them up into three octavos. These are quite unconnected, and consist of anecdotes, not always of the most interesting nature, but some of which will certainly serve to amuse a leisure hour, of the principal members of the court of Versailles, in the reigns of Louis XV. and XVI.—and an account of some of

the remarkable events that immediately preceded that revolution which has paralysed the world.

This is all the information that we think it necessary to give our readers, relative to the present work. One chapter, justly entitled '*Aventure singulière*,' from its whimsical singularity, tempts us to translate it. It will give the reader some notion of the extreme profligacy that prevails in France, and indeed in most parts of the continent, if we except the more northern countries—a profligacy, which is hardly credible to those who, never having quitted England, have witnessed none but our purer manners. It will also enable those who have the care of the rising generation, to judge how far the present may be an eligible work to put into the hands of their charges, in the course of their instruction in the French language.

'Two officers of the regiment of Penthièvre lived on terms of great intimacy; they were in garrison in a place the name of which was kept a secret from me, and were in frequent habits of visiting an old gentleman, a widower, who had an only daughter, a handsome girl of eighteen. After a certain time this young lady discovered symptoms of pregnancy; her father, in a rage, proceeded to examine her, and asked who was the father of the child. Without being at all disconcerted, she answered that it was Monsieur so and so, unless it was Monsieur so and so, and named the two friends in question. The father followed the usual custom in such cases; he sent for the two gentlemen, and having informed them of the situation of his daughter, desired them to determine between themselves which of the two should marry her, without which, he still retained strength enough, in spite of his old age, to take vengeance both upon the one and the other. The officers, after recovering from their astonishment at finding themselves rivals, without having ever suspected such a thing, did not hesitate as to the measure they should adopt, and each wished to be the husband with so much eagerness, that the old gentleman could not by any means prevail upon either of them to give up the lady. In this dilemma, the father proposed to leave it to the choice of his daughter, who replied, on being informed of the circumstance, that she would on no account decide between the gentlemen; that she loved them both equally, that she had moreover given proofs of it, and that consequently she would on no account sacrifice the one to the other: that they had nothing to do but to settle the affair as they chose, and that she would submit to any arrangement, which was all that could be required of her. A fresh dilemma. To come to a conclusion, they adopted the only method that now remained, namely, that the officers should draw lots, and that he to whom the black lot might fall should be the husband; to which they added an agreement, which was not communicated to the father—that he who should not be the

husband, should be continued as *lover* without the husband having it in his power to complain on any pretext whatsoever. This convention was executed on the part of all three with a fidelity, and consequent happiness, which nothing could disturb. Some few years afterwards the husband dying, he who remained as lover, married the widow; they lived a long time together, and experienced no regret, except for the loss of a friend whom they never ceased to lament.'

From the above story, which is professed to have been related by the lieutenant-colonel of the regiment to which the two heroes belonged, M. de Besenval draws the following corollary:

'The only thing which makes me doubt the truth of this story, is the difficulty of believing that chance should have brought together three persons of understandings so correct, with so profound a knowledge of the just value of things, and so entirely liberated from prejudices. Gentlemen and ladies, if you would consent to substitute reason for appearances, justice for self-love, and good sense for the dictates of your own mighty wisdom, it would be much pleasanter living amongst you.'

ART. XIV.—*Etudes sur l'Homme, &c.*

Studies on Man, in the World, and in Retirement. By J. H. Meister. pp. 331. 8*vo.* 8*s.* Paris. 1805. Imported by Deconchy.

THE author informs us that he has been thirty years in composing the work before us! It is nothing more than a flimsy paraphrase of some passages in Pope's Essay on Man, with occasional sentences from Goldsmith and Thomson; interlarded with some obscene and scandalous anecdotes of men of *bonnes fortunes*, &c. In the essay, or, as the author absurdly calls it, *study* 'on the Advantage of bad Education,' the most abandoned principles of libertinism are inculcated, and we are gravely told that '*les plus douces jouissances amoureuses*, are absolutely indispensable to excite the sensibility of youth!' (P. 84.) On such profligate sentiments we have nothing to observe. The paper on 'Secret Pretensions,' discovers some good sense in exposing latent follies, and in satirizing Voltaire and Frederic, the former for neglecting the title of poet and philosopher, for that of gentleman, and the latter for abandoning the character of general, statesman, and king, for that of poet. But in a subsequent paper the author presents us with the superstition of the fifteenth century, and seriously narrates the ridiculous tale (in which there is an

historical blunder,) of the Duke of Anjou becoming in a moment deeply enamoured of Maria de Cleves, in consequence of wiping his face with that lady's chemise! In the reflections entitled 'one of the great Enigmas of human Destiny,' the author labours to be very profound, but he has only produced a miserable paraphrase of Pope's observations on Providence, without one original idea. Throughout the volume indeed several sentences are translated *verbatim et literatim* from Pope, without any reference to the original author. The observations 'on the dangers of a too habitual necessity of making ourselves beloved,' pourtray the French feelings, where self-love and vanity frequently render individuals careless about everything that does not immediately administer to their own insatiable thirst for applause. To M. Meister, however, who, though a native of Westphalia, is now a Frenchman in spirit and principle, we return our unfeigned thanks for his observations on 'the influence of the genius of certain languages.' He cannot certainly be suspected of prejudice or any political or moral bias against French literature; and it is with pleasure that we translate the following acute observations:

'However poor the French language may be in some respects, it is nevertheless *words* that often give to Frenchmen more apparent sense than they really possess, at least more *finesse*, precision, and perspicuity. A man who speaks French, and who speaks it tolerably well, were it even by rote, will sooner pass for a man of talents in that language than in any other. It appears that under the most usual forms of that tongue, folly and ignorance, vice and falsehood, find a thousand means of concealing themselves with singular facility. Alas! this is perhaps one of the chief reasons for the preference so generally given to French, not only in the familiar conversations of people of fashion, but even in the most important negotiations of European politics.

'I might properly compare the French language to those mirrors that do not reflect objects with the greatest accuracy and truth, but in a manner singularly neat and precise, in even giving to all of them a light more or less favorable, a surface more or less polished. What appears simple and clear, easily passes for true. We readily take elegance for ingenuity, general and sententious forms for profundity, expressions dexterously exaggerated for energy, and a certain tone of confidence and frankness for the natural accents of good nature and fidelity.'

That cunning and deception are inherent in the genius of the French language and people, the history of all our political and commercial relations with France satisfactorily demonstrates; and whoever has had any intercourse with that nation, must have been often struck with the difficulty

of convicting them of what is properly called a *direct lie*, when at the same time every word and act evinced the most unequivocal proofs of the greatest *falsehood*. We could relate numerous examples, often highly ludicrous, of such circumstances that we have witnessed in French courts of judicature (certainly not courts of justice), where the designed contrariety of words and actions, and their artful tergiversations, discovered such a total negation of every sentiment of truth or justice, that if we are more convinced of their laxity of principle than some others of our countrymen, it is only because we know them better. For the present, however, we are satisfied with the strictly just observations of our author, whose plagiarisms and whose libertinism may pass to oblivion with less contempt, should his reflections tend to awaken the attention of the civilized world, and teach it to guard against the deceptions of the language and immorality of Frenchmen.

We ought here indeed to remark, that the influence of language on the human mind is infinitely greater than is usually supposed; and that, notwithstanding the profound and original labours of Locke, we have not yet advanced far in the true metaphysics of language. We have before remarked that language at first receives its character from the rude genius of the people, but that whenever it becomes more polished, it as invariably moulds the character of that people to its native spirit, from which they can never after wholly emerge. This is doubtless the true and only efficient cause why nations retain an identity of character and feeling through numerous generations; and it will no less certainly obstruct the progress of man to that perfection, which some superficial philosophers have long dreamed that he would speedily attain. The obvious power of words on the human passions, will always tend to shackle reason by the stronger emotions of the heart, and consequently the same imperfections, both of our language and sentiments, will perpetuate themselves to the latest posterity. A reference to the works of any of our best poets will convince us that we still continue to admire and be delighted with the mere sound of words, which have but little relation either to sense or fact. The poets (and while society exists, there will be poets,) are sorry philosophers and worse moralists; nor are an opposite class, the mathematicians, likely to raise man to infinite perfection. Such are the natural imperfections attending our language; and it is unquestionably a matter of the first importance, to train the minds of youth in that tongue which confessedly contains least of these irremediable defects. In

this respect English and Latin stand unrivalled. 'We readily take expressions dexterously exaggerated for energy,' says our author; and if we carefully examine some of Racine's best verses, the only French poet who is acknowledged to aim at sublimity, we shall perceive the most artificial tissue of unmeaning inflated bombast, that was ever articulated from the stentorophonic lungs of a savage. What do we find but falsely glittering bubbles in the writings of all the poets and many of the prose writers of Italy? But we must here decline the subject, only expressing a wish, that as there is now not only a political, but a moral reason for rejecting the too frequent use of the French language, especially amongst the juvenile fair, the system of education in use during the days of Queen Anne, might perhaps be again adopted, and Latin and Greek take place with propriety of French and Italian.

We shall only add that the French critics, with their usual regard to veracity, have praised this work in a manner and style of exaggeration truly *à la Française*.

RETROSPECT

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE.

FRANCE.

ART. 15.—*Almanach des Gourmands, servant de guide dans les moyens de faire excellente chère. Par un vieil amateur. Troisième année. Contenant plusieur articles de morale & de politesse Gourmande; une notice raisonnée des principaux fruits qui se servent à table; la second Promenade d'un Gourmand dans Paris, les decouvertes nouvelles de* 1804, *plusieurs recettes alimentaires & friandes, un grand nombre d'anecdotes Gourmandes; des principes d'Hygiène & de savoir-vivre; un extrait de la correspondance Gourmande de l'auteur, &c. &c.—A Paris, chez* Maradan, *Libraire, rue des Grands Augustins, No.* 29. *an. xiii.* 1805. Imported by Deconchy.

THE favourable reception which the Parisian *Gourmands* have given to the Almanacks of the two preceding years, the first of which passed through three, and the second through two editions, has induced the author to render his third volume equally worthy of their indulgence.

The pleasantry which reigned through the first volume determined its success; but it was difficult to maintain this tone in the succeeding numbers, yet the author has strained every effort to attain this end. The kind of humour suitable for this sort of writing is necessarily very limited, especially when the wish is to avoid falling either into farce or affectation; for humour which is not natural, is as disagreeable to readers of taste, as a joke which is low and trivial.

The author was aware of this; and though the present number is not equally jocular with the first, yet it is at least as useful; the moral point of view in which he has exhibited the table, will prove agreeable to the generality of readers. As a specimen of this author's style, we shall select his definition of *Gourmand*, and *la Gourmandise*.

'If we may believe the dictionary of the Academy, *Gourmand* is synonymous with *Glouton* and *Goulu*, and *Gourmandise* is Gluttony. It seems to us that this definition is not strictly correct; that the words Glouton and Goulu ought to be reserved to characterise intemperance and insatiable avidity; and that the term Gourmand has received for several years in the world an acceptation

much less unfavourable, we might venture even to say, much more noble.

'The Gourmand is not only a being whom nature has endued with an excellent stomach, and an amazing appetite; all strong men are so; but one who joins to these advantages an excellent taste, the first principle of which resides in a palate singularly delicate, and matured by long experience. All his senses ought to accord with his taste; for he must reason with his *morceaux* even before they approach his lips. His eye should be penetrating, his ear quick, his touch fine, and his tongue *exquisite*. Thus the Gourmand, whom the Academy paints as a coarse being, is on the contrary a personage endowed with extreme delicacy; he ought also to be in full health.

'But it would be wrong to suppose that the continual attention which the Gourmand is obliged to pay to every branch of the alimentary art, towards which his sensations are exclusively directed, makes him stupid and sottish. It appears to us, on the contrary, that he possesses above all other men resources sufficient to render himself amiable, and to make the temperate, who are generally of an envious disposition, pardon the superiority of his taste and appetite.

'The Abbé Roubaud, in his Synonymes, is a little more favourable to Gourmands than the Academy. He compares the Gourmand with the *goinfre*, with *goulu*, and *glouton*, and shews how great the discrimination is between each. According to him the gourmand loves eating and good cheer; he must eat, but not without picking and chusing. The *goinfre* possesses so brutal an appetite that he eats with his mouth full, he guttles and gorges himself with every thing without distinction; he eats merely for the sake of eating. The *goulu* eats with so much avidity that he swallows rather than eats; he bolts it down as the saying is; he never stays to masticate, but down it goes. The *glouton* runs to eat, and eats with a disagreeable noise, and with so much voracity that one bit never waits for another, but every thing soon disappears from before him; to say the least of him, he devours.

'This definition, which might undoubtedly have been written with more delicacy, appears to us in general exact, and the differences which the author remarks between the terms which he undertakes to define, are deficient neither in justice nor truth. But when he wrote this definition, the *gourmands* did not enjoy that rank in the world, which they do in the present day; in a word, *gourmandise* was not yet become a fashion,' &c.

In the same strain does the author proceed to define *gourmandise*, and with the same success. At p 85, is a morning walk of a Parisian *gourmand*; this we strenuously recommend to the perusal of our London cits, who may chuse to visit Paris at the conclusion of the war, as superior to all the guides which have been hitherto published. They will there find where the house of M. Benaud, Pâtissier, is situated; le Local de M. Perly, Restaurateur; the Nouveau Magasin de Comestibles of Madame Rolandeau, &c. &c. &c. and may gratify their appetites with every luxury of French cookery at a moderate price.

ART. 16.—*Marfa, ou Novogorod subjugée, anecdote historique traduite du Russe. Avec un avant propos du Traducteur. A Genève chez* J. J. Pacshoud, *Libraire.* 1803. Imported by Deconchy.

THIS historical anecdote is taken from a journal published at Moscow, under the title of the Courier of Europe. The editor is Mr. Karamsin, on whose travels we had lately occasion to animadvert. From the perusal of the volume before us, we are however happy to say, that we have experienced a considerable degree of pleasure, and to bestow on the editor our mite of applause.

The origin of the city of Novogorod is lost in the obscurity of time. It is only known, and that more by tradition than by any historical chronicle, that the *slaves*, about the middle of the fifth century, founded this city near another which had been destroyed, and to which they had given their own name, Slavensk. The spot is still shewn on which it was built, and which is called Staroè Gorodichè, the old city, as Novogorod signifies the new. This people, whose very name announces exploits, for *slava* signifies glorious, came, as they report, from the south of Europe; thus they differed essentially in character from the northern nations; they were at once an agricultural and commercial people, and took a pleasure in founding cities, wherever they established themselves. From the very epoch of its origin we know nothing of Novogorod, till we find it not only a flourishing republic, but placed in the alliance of the Hanseatic towns; its power was then so firmly established, that it became proverbial throughout the north to say, 'who can resist God, and the great Novogorod?' The greatness of its territories, whose frontiers, they say, extended from Lithuania to the mountains which bound Siberia, and from Bielo Ozero and the lake of Rostov to the White Sea, seem in some measure to justify this vaunt. But this republic was soon attacked with that malady which announces the fall of states, internal disorder. Its deputies said to Rourik and his brothers, when they invited them to seize the government: 'Our country is rich and powerful, but there is nothing like order established: all wish to command, and none to obey.' Rourik came to Novogorod with his brothers in the year 862, he divided with them the provinces of the republic, and placed them in such a manner as to keep a more watchful eye upon the most dangerous enemies of the states. He himself did not wish, or did not dare to establish himself in the capital, but went to reside in the city of Ladoga, which he had just founded; but when the death of his brothers had reunited all the power in his own hands, and he had established his principal officers in such a manner as to consolidate it, he marched with hasty steps to the sovereign power. The inhabitants of Novogorod were too late sensible of the fault which they had committed, in inviting amongst them a prince capable, it is true, of establishing order and discipline among the troops, but whose actions taught them too soon that he who is able to protect a state, is able also easily to oppress it, and that ambition never fails to suggest the desire of so doing.

One of the principal magistrates named Vadime, put himself at the head of the most ardent, and went to attack him whom they regarded only as a tyrant. What could a people, brave indeed, but without experience, effect against troops which Rourik had made warlike, and whom that able prince had had time to devote to his cause? He easily dispersed his enemies, and Vadime was conquered, and killed. This event, as it is natural to suppose, served only to confirm his power; almost all his successors wished to march in his steps, and were more or less successful according to the times in which they lived, the talents which they displayed, and the circumstances in which they found themselves. It appears, however, that they were regarded at Novogorod only as the leaders of armies, and were seldom permitted to intermeddle in the affairs of government.

The administration of government resembled as nearly as possible that of the other cities of Germany with which the republic was in alliance. The first office of the state, which was called Stiènoy Possadnih, (which signifies, elevated to the first class) may be compared to that of Burgomaster. He who had been once invested with this office, preserved the title of Possadnih during his life. The second dignity was that of Tissiatshi. This magistrate kept a watchful eye over the interests of the people: his functions resembled those of the Roman tribune. His name is derived from Tissiatcha, a thousand, and insinuates that he was charged with the interests and welfare of many thousands of their fellow citizens. Next to these were ranked the boyars or senators, who obtained this dignity as well as the two former, by election. They enjoyed equal prerogatives. They were generally elected from the class calledGitie-lioudi,or people who live on their incomes: the merchants formed a separate class. The rest of the people, composed of mechanics, &c. were called Tcherniè-lioudi. In later times the Namestnih, or lieutenant of the prince, was superior to all these classes; he enjoyed greater honours, though he had scarcely any power, and was only able to take cognizance of affairs, when he was appealed to from those ordinary magistrates: and even then he was obliged to act in concert with, and to take the advice of the Possadnih in the exercise of his functions.

This administration seemed to be able to establish order and tranquillity in the republic: yet were they entirely destroyed by theVetchès, (assemblies of the people) on the single sound of a bell, entirely consecrated to this use, and called Vetchèvoi Kolohol,(bell of the assembly) and which was regarded as the palladium of the city, and of its liberties. On the sound of this bell the people flocked in crowds to the place; the least citizen had a right to give or refuse his vote; these assemblies were almost always followed by dangerous commotions, often by revolt and murder. Anarchy, in a word, produced its ordinary effects, slavery: Jaroslaf however, one of the wisest and greatest princes who had reigned in Russia, established this constitution of the republic. His name always remained dear to the inhabitants of Novogorod; his name was given to the palace which he inhabited, and when time had entirely destroyed it, the spot on

which it stood still preserved the cherished memorial. This powerful sovereign, who reigned about the end of the 11th century, beside the immense inheritance left to him by his father Vladimir, acquired by his exploits a part of Livonia, and all Red Russia: his alliance was so much courted by the potentates of Europe, that his eldest son espoused the daughter of the king of England, and another the daughter of the emperor of the east: of four daughters one was married to the king of Norway, the second to the king of France, and the third to the king of Hungary. His two sisters married the king of Poland and the brother of the sovereign bishop of Trèves. He established public schools in almost every city, and even an university in his capital. He drew up a code of laws, which is still used in the jurisprudence of Russia. It was this prince, so wise and powerful, and whose alliance was so much courted, that Voltaire presumed to call 'Duc inconnu d'une Russie ignorée.'

What still further proves the wisdom of this legislator is, that the republic of Novogorod, in spite of the apparent defects of its constitution, in spite of the fickleness and turbulence of its citizens, the ambition of its own princes, and of the nations who surrounded it, in spite of the intrigues which were practised, and the wars which the princes of Moscow carried on against it, nevertheless supported its dignity, and subsisted to the end of the fifteenth century.

But Ivan III. about the year 1470 began to inflict upon it the most dangerous blow. For a long time he regarded Novogorod as his prey, and sought only a pretext, or rather a favourable circumstance, to make himself master of it; for can a pretext ever be wanting to an ambitious and powerful prince? Ivan was then at the highest period of his exaltation; he had just shaken off the yoke of the Tartars, under which his ancestors had groaned; and he had even forced the czars of Casan to acknowledge themselves his tributaries and vassals. The experience of his predecessors having too well convinced him that the ambition of dependant princes, and their continual dissensions, had drawn Russia to her destruction, he reunited all the appendages to his crown, and indemnified the princes by the gift of lands. It was then that the choice of a new bishop, the imprudence of the ambassadors, which the Novogorodians sent to him on this subject, or rather their ordinary folly, furnished Ivan with a pretext of kindling the flames of war; he however thought it his duty to commence by negotiations, and sent an envoy charged with powers to negotiate: but Novogorod, unfortunately for her, was then governed by a woman named Marfa, whose existence, for a long time called in question, is at this day attested by coins which have been discovered, and on which she is represented spinning, with these words inscribed, Marfa Possadniza, and the free city of Novogorod. She was the daughter and widow of Possadnihs who were illustrious for their wisdom and the great services they had rendered to the republic. This woman by her intrigues excited her fellow-citizens to war, sent an insolent answer to the envoy of Ivan, and was by this means the cause of the destruction of her country.

If we may believe the victorious party, who are always too much

inclined to transform into vice even the very virtues of those who resist their oppression, the patriotism of Marfa was far from being so pure as Mr. Karamsin relates in his anecdote. They pretend that the love which she cherished for a young Pole, to whom his sovereign had promised the government of Novogorod, was the principal motive of her conduct.

A monk named Pimene, excited by the hope of obtaining the archbishopric of that city, employed all the motives of religion in support of their pretensions.

Prince Cholmshi, one of the best generals of Ivan, marched at the head of an army to punish the turbulent republic, which opposed him with a formidable force; the cavalry alone, we are assured, amounted to 30,000 men; but the defection of the allied republic of Pshof; the extraordinary heat of the weather, which had dried up the marshes, that formed one of the principal defences of the city; and above all, a warlike army conducted by an able chief, soon surmounted every obstacle. Ivan entered Novogorod victorious, treated the city with clemency, established a viceroy, and left the citizens the enjoyment of all their privileges; even Marfa continued unmolested. Four years afterwards he returned thither, and was received with all the testimonies of joy and respect by the different orders of the state; but scarcely had he returned to his capital when he learned that the inhabitants of Novogorod, excited by the fresh intrigues of Marfa, had revolted from their allegiance, had insulted and expelled his Namesnih, and concluded a treaty with Poland. Ivan marched at the head of a more formidable army than before, to reduce the city to subjection and punish the factious; he entirely subverted the government; and reduced the country to the same system as the other provinces of his dominions. The troubles which Marfa had occasioned, and the misfortunes she had brought on her country, cost her her life. The Possadnihs, and the Tisrashis were suppressed, the principal Boyars banished; the Vetchevoi Tholohol was transported to Moscow, and was used only to assemble the inhabitants to prayers, or to announce the solemn festivals of the state. It is thus that, by the plots of the ambitious, and the turbulence of her citizens, Novogorod lost the liberty of which she had always been till then so jealous, which had caused her greatness, and which she had so long preserved. With her liberty she lost also her riches and her commerce. The Namesnih of the prince was no longer as before, a phantom of power, but reigned absolutely in the name of his master. The Novogorodians, however, were for a long time insensible of their slavery, though each new insurrection added to their chains.

A century after the epoch of which we are speaking, they revolted against the grandson of Ivan, who bore the same name, but is commonly known by the name of Basilides. This prince, who joined a brutal ferocity to the greatest talents, entered Novogorod at the head of his guards, as a city taken by assault, committed the most unheard-of barbarities, and filled the town with blood and carnage. He particularly persecuted the Boyars, the greater part of whom were put

to death, and married their widows to their slaves. Novogorod, overwhelmed by this blow, never again raised her head, and is at this day a city of the third order. A few churches and convents, separated at present by a great distance, but which formerly were inclosed within its walls, only prove its ancient extent, and are all the remains of its former splendour.

The reader will be much gratified by the perusal of this 'Anecdote;' and though considerable fiction be blended with the History of Marfa, yet after the abstract we have given, he will easily be able to distinguish the truth from the falsehood.

ART. 17.—*Amélia de Treville, ou la Solitaire, par M.***, Auteur de Julie de St. Olmont. Tome premier. Paris, chez Dentir,* 1806. Imported by Deconchy.

THIS new romance, as the title informs us, is from the pen of the author of the Letters of Julia de St. Olmont. Our readers will find in Amélia de Treville the same talent in painting the characters and passions of men, as in the author's former production. The style is elegant, the sentiments conveyed with a delicate sensibility and happiness of expression, which are rarely met with in works of this nature.

ART. 18.—*Almanac des Prosateurs redige par M. F. Noel, Inspecteur Général des Etudes. Cinquième Annèe: Prix, broché 2 francs. A Paris, chez F. Louis, Libraire, rue de Savoie,* 1806. Imported by Deconchy.

FROM this almanac of prose writers we observe that the old calendar is restored in France. This is the principal novelty. With respect to the writings in prose, the greater part are extracts from celebrated authors, and some few of them are new. But M. F. Noel *Inspecteur General des Etudes*, when he meets with a passage in which he can introduce a compliment to the Emperor Buonaparte, is not sparing of French flattery. We refer our readers to page 145, et passim.

ART. 19.—*Correspondence Mèdicale de plusieurs Indiens, ou Petite excursion dans l'Empire de la Médicine, et des Sciences qui y ont rapport. Publie par Terre--n..de l'Isere. A Paris, chez Allut. an. xiv.* 1806. Imported by Deconchy.

THIS correspondence, whose title-page asserts it to be the work of several West Indians, bears internal evidence of its being fabricated at Paris. It is written in the style of many English novels, which introduce Indians giving an account of the marvellous sights of an European city to some friend at home.

ART. 20.—*Mæliosa, ou l'Heroisme de la Reconnaissance.*

Mæliosa, or the Heroism of Gratitude. An Irish Story. By Maria de Courchamps. 2 *Vols.* 12*mo.* 7*s.* Paris. 1805. Imported by Deconchy.

A VEHICLE of abuse against the English and Scotch protestants for plundering and oppressing the Irish Catholics. It is dedicated to Fanny Beauharnois, who may, perhaps, pardon its mediocrity for the sake of its religious tendency, which is that of inflaming the Irish Catholics against the British government.

PORTUGAL.

ART. 21.—*O Perigo das Paxões.*

The Danger of the Passions; an allegorical and moral Tale, for the Instruction of Youth; with an Analysis of the Human Passions. By John Charles Moraõ Pinheirõ. 8*vo.* Lisbon. 1805.

IT is a trite and well-known truth, that on the government of the passions the happiness of individuals must in a great measure depend. This maxim many a novelist has attempted or professed to inculcate, but that noxious race of authors has much oftener tended to defeat the object proposed; not understanding, or not chusing to understand, that to excite the passions in order to teach the government of them, is a very retrograde mode of proceeding. This practice has, on more occasions than one, been carried to a shameless height in our own country. After filling three or four volumes with descriptions of vice under all her different forms, but always the most seducing to the mind of inexperience, they insult the common sense of their readers by a concluding assurance, that if they have adorned vice for a while with flowers, it is only to contrast it with the simple majesty of virtue; to shew that those adscititious ornaments are but a transparent disguise to its real deformity, and that its tumultuous pleasures are a fallacious substitute for the simple satisfaction of being good.

As to the sentimental productions which are now so much in vogue, the extravagant excitement of false feelings is little less dangerous than the irritation of the passions, and leaves the mind in a state of morbid sensibility, often more dangerous to the tranquillity of the pupil than the workings of untaught nature.

In neither of these points has the present author erred, nor is he deficient in interest to excite all the curiosity necessary to his purpose—that of teaching to moderate the passions, and controul the emotions of the heart. This is a philosophical distinction, the attentive consideration of which we would recommend to our own authors, and which alone can justly entitle a tale to the denomination of *moral.*

In delineating the character of Ifigio, M. Pinheiro has evidently had in view the Telemachus of Fenelon, who, under the tuition of Reason and Virtue (named Uteria and Neris) is suffered to become

successively the dupe of all the different passions; after which he is finally confirmed in the most implicit obedience to their dictates, and insures his happiness, but not till, like all other heroes of romance, he has entered into the holy state of matrimony.

ART. 22.—*Menandro e Laurentina.*

Menander and Laurentine; or, The Lovers of Estremadura. A Portuguese Novel. 8vo. Lisbon. 1804.

ARDENT love, founded on the basis of esteem and friendship, impels Menander, a young philosopher of noble birth, to reject the advances of a rich, haughty, and high-born beauty, for the mutual affection of the amiable and artless Laurentina, whose father, from motives of avarice, had destined her to the seclusion of a convent. Their elopement and mutual fidelity, till their discovery by, and reconciliation to their parents, though the usual process and conclusion of similar stories in all ages and countries, are marked with a delicacy and chasteness rarely found in modern love-tales. Those who are fond of hearing of eternal fidelity, and inviolable chastity, and the purity and disinterestedness of love, will find this a very pleasing little work, where the above real or imaginary virtues are strongly, but not extravagantly delineated.

ART. 23.—*A Força d'Amizade, &c.*

The Force of Friendship; a true History. 8vo. 1804.

ART. 24.—*O Triunfo da Virtude, &c.*

The Triumph of Virtue; or, The Adventures of Olympia. 8vo. 1804.

WHETHER, as the author asserts, the first of these novels be really founded on truth, is of little importance. Like the preceding tale, they contain little of novelty, nor are they distinguished by any striking particularity in the plan or management; but they at least possess a merit which cannot always be allowed to this species of composition, that of innocently amusing. A certain amenity of expression, simplicity, purity of sentiments, together with some taste, and a considerable portion of morality, cannot be denied to these effusions of fancy.

GERMANY.

ART. 25.—*Karls von Dittersdorf lebens beschreibung, &c.*

Life of Charles von Dittersdorf. Leipzig. 1805.

DITTERSDORF was a celebrated musician and composer, and enjoyed the highest fame in Germany, till it was obscured by the superior genius of Haydn and Mozart. In his best days he was patronized by, and admitted to the most intimate familiarity with the princes and great men of his country; but a numerous family, and the gout, which deprived him of the use of his limbs, brought him

to the utmost distress. No longer able to amuse the rich, who had vowed to him eternal friendship, he was, as is generally the case, deserted by them, when their assistance was most wanted. A forlorn hope remained, that at his death they might be brought to the recollection of him, and be induced to do something for his family. With this view he seems to have composed the story of his life, and three days before his death wrote his farewell to the kind, good-hearted German nation, the object of his love, esteem, and reverence. This kind, good hearted nation probably thought little at that moment of the man to whom they had been indebted for so much amusement; and we are very much afraid, that the goodness of their hearts will scarcely be sufficiently expanded to attend to the following proposal. 'As I am certain,' says the author, 'that my name and works are well known throughout all Europe, I can assert, that I have contributed to the happiness of at least half a million of persons. Now, if each of these would contribute a single groat to me, or rather to my family—for it can no longer be of use to me—what a small present would it be to the giver, and what a considerable support to a family in distress, left behind by one, who, like him in the gospel, never buried his talents? Dear reader, do not suspect that I wrote this to beg alms of you for myself. When this comes into your hands, the writer is no more. Would any one, however, after the total destruction of my frail vessel, act kindly towards my poor family, may God reward him for his benevolence!'

It grieves us to think of the state of mind of the poor man when he wrote these lines, and how painful must have been to him the neglect of his former friends, and the prospects of the future sufferings of his family. Dittersdorf was not a mere musician; he possessed genius, was a well-educated man, an agreeable companion, and an acute observer of men and manners. The company he kept in various parts of Europe was of the highest ranks in life, and his work will therefore be entertaining, not only to the musician and dilettanti, but to the general reader. If it should excite a spirit in Germany to attend to the comfort of the declining days of genius, art, and science, the author will not have written in vain; but Germany is not the only country where men are praised for their talents, and consigned in their latter days to poverty and distress.

ART. 26.—*Entwurfe zu einem Denkmall für Dr. Martin Luther, &c.*

Projects for a Monument to Martin Luther, by Leopold Klenze, Architect. Brunswick. 1805.

ART. 27.—*Ideen zu Luther's Denkmall, &c.*

Projects for Luther's Monument, by Charles Schaffer, Professor of Architecture at Dusseldorf. Dresden. 1805.

A SOCIETY at Mansfeldt, in Germany, has set on foot a subscription to erect a monument to the memory of Luther, the here

of the reformation. The Germans revere his memory, but their enthusiasm does not open wide their pockets. The monthly account given of the subscriptions makes it undoubted, that the first plan proposed in these works can never be executed: but if Prussia contributes, as is expected, the raw materials, there will be sufficient for a monument on the second plan, about the end of the year.

The first plan is from an architect, whose ideas are quite German; massive strength and colossal magnitude are to impress the spectators with the idea of Luther's greatness of mind, and undaunted spirit. The second is within more modest limits, and coming from a professor of architecture, discovers a degree of taste, which does him credit. According to the first, there is to be a round temple two hundred and fifty-two feet in circumference, and seventy feet high, of massy square stones on the outside, covered within with yellow marble. In the midst of this temple stands a colossal half naked statue, three times the ordinary height of a man, and round it twelve statues of the usual height, made, as well as the principal statue, of Carara marble, to represent philosophers and reformers of ancient and modern times. The reformers are Melancthon, Zuinglius, Calvin, Wickliffe, Huss, Zinzendorf: the philosophers, Socrates, Plato, Aristotle, Des Cartes, Leibnitz, and Kant. How came Newton to be forgotten in this groupe? Under the base of the temple is to be an arched chamber for the reception of Luther's sarcophagus. The statues in the temple are to be clad after the Greek costume, and the middle one, that of Luther, after the model of the well known statue under the name of Zeno. There are to be fountains before the temple, and many other delightful schemes, described with the utmost exactness, which it will not be necessary to criticise, as the enormous expence of such a work will for ever prevent its execution.

The professor introduces us to much useful knowledge on costume, busts, statues, materials, colossuses, situations, &c. &c. His monument is of a pyramidal form, two-and-twenty ells five inches high, according to the Dresden measure; breadth at bottom, seventeen ells. The base is to be a simple mass without ornament, inscribed with the names of the subscribers. In the middle is a simple niche, in which is a groupe of three figures in bronze, four ells high, representing Luther with the Bible in his hand, accompanied by two winged angels. It is very probable that many more projects will be submitted to the committee for this purpose, and it will be curious to see in what manner German taste will display itself, to honour the memory of a man to whom they are in the highest degree indebted for a better insight into religion and language than their remoter ancestors possessed, though many of his notions, together with his style, are become antiquated.

ART. 28.—*Meiner gattin wirkliche erscheinung, &c.*

The actual Appearance of my Spouse after her Death; a true Story, by D. K. W. 1804.

ART. 29.—*D. Johann Karl Wötzels, nähere erklärung, &c.*

A clearer Explanation of and Conclusions on the above Work, by D. John Charles Wortzel. Leipzig. 1805.

THE absurdity of the first of these works can be paralleled only by the folly of the second, to which the author has the assurance to affix his name. We should not have noticed either, if it were not to shew our readers, that the notions of ghosts still remain in Germany, and are even held by those whose education and situation in life ought to have afforded them better instruction. That the author, from over fondness for his wife, might have lost the little sense he had, and dreamt that his dear rib had appeared again in his sight, was within the sphere of probability: but that he should have the vanity to suppose that a spirit should come from the other world to flatter his pride, and to pay him compliments, argues a disposition of mind, which will not be corrected by the ridicule of his neighbours. This is the language which the author puts into the mouth of his wife: 'God will and must, seeing that he is all just, all wise, and all powerful, be gracious to thee, give thee the enjoyment of high honour and pleasure, procure thee friends and patrons, reward thy acknowledged virtue, and indefatigable industry.' In another place the lady tells him: 'Thou too must, but after many, many years of delightful and happy days, crowned with honours, fame, and rewards, for thy sincerity, goodness of heart, and unexampled diligence, pay thy tribute to nature.' From this nonsense the reader will form a tolerable judgment of the ghost's talents and insight into futurity, in which he will agree, we presume, with us, that she is entirely mistaken.

ART. 30.—*Joseph Appel's Münz und Medaillen sammlung, &c.*

Collection of Coins and Medals, arranged after a new Plan, and described by the Professor with Fifteen Plates. First Volume. Vienna. 1805.

THIS is a very rich collection, and assuredly a possessor has the right to draw up his catalogue in what manner he pleases; but we cannot discover much novelty in his system. It does not materially differ from that of Madai, who begins with emperors, kings, and electors: our author with popes and spiritual personages, except the spiritual electors. Madai classes his spiritual princes and lords under their respective heads of archbishops, bishops, &c. our author follows the letters of the alphabet. Madai takes the electors after the kings, then the spiritual lords, and then returns to temporal dignities: our author takes the archdukes of Austria out of their proper rank, and placing them after kings, sets them before electors.

Madai separates the old from the modern princely houses: our author gives them in alphabetical order, and mixes together French, English, Italian princes, and even inferior titles.

The collection is, however, for a private one, very valuable, and is particularly rich in coins and medals of popes. In the 'Catalogus numismatum nummorumque Caroli Alexandri Austriaci Belgii gubernatoris.' (Brussels, 1781, 8vo.) we find three hundred and twenty-nine described; but it is to be recollected, that in that collection only thirty-two were of silver, all the rest being of copper; but in the collection described in this work all are of silver. Of the other medals many are of importance, and the lovers of this science will, from the satisfaction this volume is calculated to afford them, look forward with hopes for the speedy appearance of the remaining part of the work.

ART. 31.—*Die Schachspielkunst, &c.*

The Art of Chess Playing, according to the Rules of Gustavus Selenus, Philidor, by J. F. W. Koch. 2 vols. 8vo. Magdeburg.

THE lovers of chess will give this work a place in their chess library. It contains a great number of games in very small compass, with very judicious remarks on them, and on the chief publications on this interesting game.

ART. 32.—*Russlands Politische verhältnisse, &c.*

The Political Relations between Russia and Germany, and the high Value of this Connection. Frankfort. 1805.

THE author foresaw the connection that was soon to take place between Germany and Russia, but he little imagined that in consequence of it, the Emperor of Germany would so soon quit his capital, and leave his territories to be laid waste by the French, and finally be compelled to an inglorious peace. It is discovered that the Russians and Germans resemble each other in a very striking manner, and the writer seems to have forgotten that the former live under an absolute despotism, many of them being even in a state of the most abject slavery, whilst the Germans have not entirely lost their pretensions to the rank of freemen. The great principle advanced is, that the independence of Germany cannot be preserved, but by the restoration of the former constitution under the chiefs of the empire, and the guardianship of the powers which guaranteed it, evidently supposing that the Emperor of Russia is to have the chief concern in the guarantee. Events now succeed each other so rapidly, that no one can conjecture what will be the fate of Germany for a month together. Incapable of defending itself, though possessing so large a military force, its constitution must be bad, and we cannot imagine that any connection with Russia will give it lustre or consequence. It gained greatly by getting rid of its ecclesiastical petty tyrants, but it will be long before this fine country enjoys those advantages which it is so well calculated to possess.

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W. Flint, Printer,
Old Bailey.